FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 10, 1948
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXCII No. 2501 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 10 1948

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

Be sure to ask for
WARDONIA
the Finest of
all Razor Blades

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA
★ THE ORIGINAL AND THE ARISTOCRAT OF COCOAS ★

Cephos REG'D
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
The Safe Remedy
Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form
FOR COLDS AND 'FLU

A NEW YEAR to get Younger
WILLIAM YOUNGERS
No 3 Scotch Ale
Father William

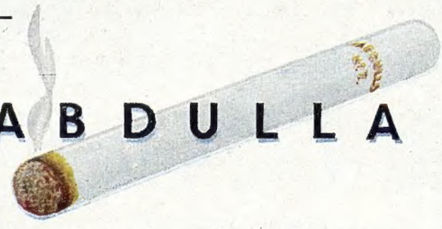
CHAPLINS
CELESTA
SHERRY
W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1867. LONDON & GLASGOW.

Welcome Always - Keep it Handy
GRANT'S Morella Cherry Brandy
Over 100 years' reputation for quality.
A limited supply available.

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
Office : Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

The smell of grease-paint . . . and the scent of roses. The harsh glare of the dressing-room lights . . . the soft white foam of the tu-tu. The satisfaction of the audience's acclamation . . . the thrill of a personal tribute. And for perfection, one thing more—



ABDULLA Nº 7

Fine 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/8

ALSO *Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

ABDULLA & CO. LTD · 173 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W.1

Volume CXCII No. 2501 The SPHERE, London, January 10, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE BIRTH OF A NEW ASIAN REPUBLIC—THE STAR-SPANGLED TRICOLOUR OF THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF BURMA REPLACING THE UNION JACK IN FRONT OF THE BURMESE EMBASSY IN LONDON : This ceremony, signalising the transfer of power, took place in Berkeley Square on January 4

Burma's Constitutional Assembly decided in 1947 that the future of the country should lie outside the British Commonwealth of Nations. January 4, 1948, was set as the day for the transfer of power, and from Rangoon last Sunday Governor Sir Hubert Rance sailed down-river in the cruiser *Birmingham*, to the cheers of thousands of Burmese citizens who lined the banks to bid farewell to the last representative of British rule. Meanwhile in London Sir Stafford Cripps represented the British Government at celebrations at the Burmese Embassy, Berkeley Square. Conveying the congratulations of the Government, he said : "After a long association we are parting company in friendship and with the best of mutual good will. Burma is from to-day an independent Republic and we in Britain have done our best to ease the difficulties and expedite the processes of this rebirth of Burma as one of the nations of the world. We can all justly feel pride in this accomplishment and in the example of peaceful transition which it sets to this troubled world."

Postage—Inland, 2d. : Canada and Newfoundland, 1d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

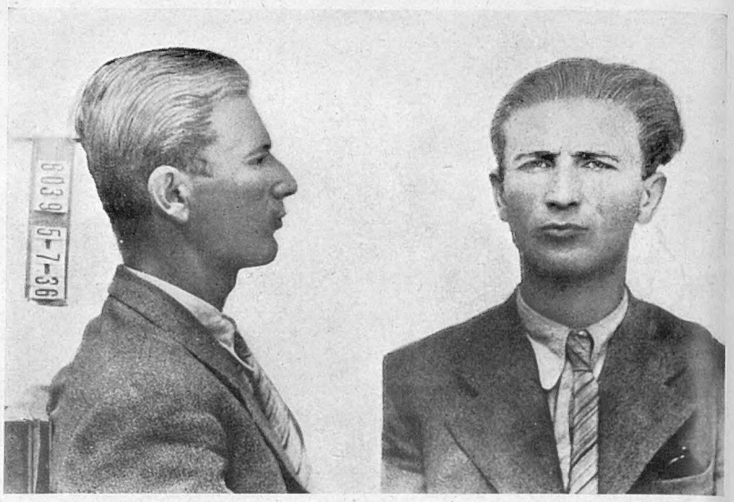
America in 1948.—It is a melancholy thought for Europe that the New Year will keep the minds of a majority of Americans concentrated on their own domestic battlefield. Still as of old, for the average American a Presidential election campaign has priority over all outside politics. The coming event casts its shadow before for three-quarters of a year, long before the candidates are named. But Mr. Wallace will be one of them, an Independent, fighting the Truman-Marshall plan "to divide Europe into two camps." We must accept it that during 1948 the sole surviving lady-bountiful of humanity will be concerned with her own backyard. Put another way, during 1948 Americans in large numbers will regard the branch they sit on as the whole tree, indeed the whole forest. The zeal of the framers of the American Constitution will achieve this. But we must pin our faith on American statesmanship not involved in the front-line battle. We in Britain can never understand it, this absorption in the battle for President, despite all the explications of clever and clear-headed U.S. broadcasters. But then, we can never understand any single item of American life. Why is it so? I sometimes think it is because those United States don't wish us to do so. See what they send over for our cinemas. *Every* American lives in a flat larger than Blenheim Palace, more richly furnished than Windsor Castle. Every cowboy is handsome, rich, reckless, a quick shooter and a heavy drinker. There are no poor in America, no simple, honest, rustic souls, no old-world New England spinsters, no slums. American film magnates cannot endure the truth to be told. They won't even pass *our* history. They must correct and improve it. Box office requires it. Perhaps that is why British children prefer (it *sounds* so encouraging) *historical* films. Children revel in make-believe. And America can make us believe anything—about themselves and, indeed, about our own past.

As Happy as a King.—The phrase is obscure in origin and, indeed, in meaning. It cannot have been coined from the mint of experience of Balkan kings. In the chequered history of Balkan kings over the last century, the chapters tell of battle, murder and sudden death, of "here to-day and gone to-morrow," of "light come, light go." For the most part, these vagrant monarchs have been duds or tyrants; there have been reprobates and brigands among them, and crétins, too. And they have held their thrones on a yearly tenancy, with the right to terminate on either side by abdication, dismissal or murder. What offers for a Balkan Crown? Many wise men have refused the honour, many ruffians have snatched at it. But it is *breve gaudium*. Ex-King Michael, it seems, was of other clay. He had courage, purpose, patriotism, character, guts. Perhaps on that account his tenancy was as short as the normal; Crown Prince, King, Crown Prince, King, ex-King. Such was his swiftly-moving sequence, on the Balkan chess-board, the pawn of rogues and tyrants. He was right to go. Perhaps he will come yet again before he dies. For myself, I would rather be a doorkeeper in the Regal Cinema than dwell in the courts of the Balkans as a reigning sovereign. I should so live a little further removed from the unreality, the Ruritanian romance, the falseness and the frailties, of the cinema world. The Balkan Crowns are of tinsel, set with blood-red rubies (paste).

Palestine.—Mass murder, indefinitely prolonged—that would seem to be the inevitable result of the Palestine *solution, settlement*. But experiment or expedient is nearer the *mot juste*. And no man alive, outside Bedlam, conceived that it would be otherwise. Yet one cannot draw an indictment against a bunch of nations, or against their chosen representatives on the Council of Nations, charging them with mass-murder, incitement to murder, conspiracy to murder. Yet these representatives did what they did with their eyes wide open to the consequences, because they had private axes to grind, private quarrels to settle, private consciences to lull to sleep; they acted from selfishness, apathy, boredom, cowardice or sheer ignorance. History one day will judge this decision as it deserves to be judged, a weak compromise, a cynical experiment, a gamble in human lives without parallel. But before that time for final judgment, the blood of innocents will flow, the guiltless will suffer with the guilty, and a festering sore in civilisation will spread. What is the crux of the indictment? That no faintest effort was made to secure an orderly transfer of territories. The legions were suffered to depart, and the gate opened to savagery.

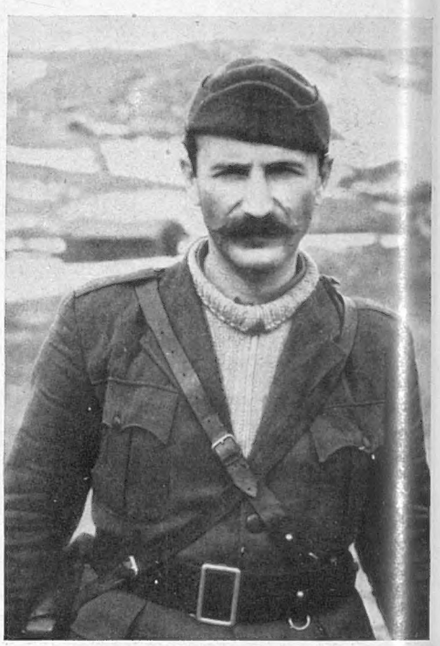
"Kicking Against the Pricks." Hunting.—Towards the end of last year I let out a *cri du cœur* which I would not have misinterpreted. I argued that too many of us still had a foot in two worlds. The "good old days" (which we vaguely hope may one day return) and the brave, austere, new world (to which we don't much take). I expressed the view that the good old days would never come back and that sitting on a fence with a foot dangling on either side led us nowhere. Arising out of these purely personal views, I have been mildly challenged as to my attitude to field sports, in particular to hunting and shooting. I am not a "fox-hunting man"; I had not the means when I was young. But I am a devoted admirer of the sport. I note that even in the Duke's happy country, barbed wire has given the most popular Master a bad fall. In *my* country (not a first-rate hunting country) there remains not a field which a man can cross, on foot or mounted, without a gigantic effort of contortion; there are few stiles, and few gates which will open freely. Hounds are fed on potato skins, the field is largely infants on Shetland ponies, and hunting consists in drawing a copse or two and trotting down a country road. Foxes are shot with approval. All I would say about hunting is: in those countries in which the farmers do *not* co-operate to enable the grand old sport to survive, is the effort at survival really worth while? It is surely a case of cherishing a bottle from which all the spirit has gone out. No one can expect that in three or four years time the barbed-wire will be rolled up, or that there will be food to enable hounds to stay a Waterloo run. I understand the motive. It is a fine one, a fight for the survival of a noble breed of horses and hounds, just as racing is officially acknowledged as a means to a desirable end. The question in some countries arises: Are the means available adequate to secure the ends?

And Shooting.—As for shooting, it has been the sole and constant recreation of my life, and (apart from literature) in that sport are comprised almost all the happy memories of my life. And thanks to the generosity of friends and a certain proficiency, I have in my time enjoyed the very cream of shooting, especially grouse and covert and duck shooting. No man can desire more than I that shooting should survive, for my zest is entirely undiminished. *But* I do not expect, do not desire, do not strive to hasten, the return of the "good old days." As for grouse, it is "up to them." If they return in plenty to the empty moors, God send I may be there to meet them. And the same with duck and partridges. We may reap the harvest of the good years. But hecatombs of reared pheasants? No; the day of the big battues is gone and I am quite sure we ought not to try to revive them. Yet it is being attempted.



GENERAL MARKOS VAFIADIS—THE GUERILLA LEADER WANTED BY THE GREEK GOVERNMENT: These are police photographs of the rebel general who has declared himself C.-in-C. of the "Greek Democratic Army" and established a "Government" on Greek soil. His battle for Konitza, the biggest engagement in the campaign to date, caused grave disquietude in Athens. Markos is forty-two and has a lifetime of revolutions behind him

Already there are "rich stockbroker syndicates" in the Midlands, in which a single gun costs £600 a season, where 2 or 3,000 pheasants have been reared and fed off the black-market at a cost of £2,000 a year. This is tasteless, senseless vulgarity, and more, it is a positive encouragement to the gangs of motor poachers who nowadays denude every copse and covert and field of their natural stocks of game. These easy-money sportsmen, in their greed, are killing the thing we love and they affect to love. And I brand them as the tailors, the "gents from town," the pirates of field and covert. A man as he grows older prefers shooting for the pot by his native wit and experience to standing on his legs for hours at a time for the "trouble to begin"; and there is no reason at all why he should not go on enjoying this mild and useful recreation.



A REBEL BY TRADE: A recent picture of General Markos, who has proclaimed himself Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of the new "government" he has established in the far north of Greece. Markos, who wears a luxuriant weeping moustache and speaks with a lisp, is slight and fair-haired with blue eyes. He was born in Theodosia forty-two years ago, and as a young man he worked as a house decorator, a builder and a lamp-lighter. In 1924 he joined the Communist Party, and after that was in trouble with the police almost every year for provoking riots and strikes. When British troops put down the "Elas" rebellion in December 1944 Markos led 3,500 of his veterans across the border into Yugoslavia. In August 1946 he began his task of combining the Partisans into a cohesive army

The Price.—Rugby was a cradle of hard-working, hard-playing youths of high character in the Arnold tradition, and they came from sterling middle-class homes where money was never "to burn." Now Rugby has had to raise its school fees to £90 a term. That is called the "consolidated" fee, but there is always a £10 margin of terminal extras. It means that it costs £300 a year to keep a boy at Rugby henceforward. I am not surprised. Other public schools have increased their fees as steeply. What does surprise me is the undiminished, nay, the increasing, number of parents who can afford the fees and strive to secure their children's entry. Yet, if statistics mean anything, it must be clear that the average public school boys of to-day do not come chiefly from the homes which supplied them before the war. The middle class, the professional class, are above all hardest hit in the economic blizzard of to-day. The new aristocrats of labour are not yet rich enough to afford £600 a year for educating two boys at a public school. Where are these parents and whence come their means? It is interesting speculation.

Joad a Jonah.—The man who seldom utters gives out the wisecrack which is longest remembered. The man who is always speaking and being quoted is seldom *vox dei*. Dr. Joad belongs to the second class. His latest wisecracks concerned marriage and war. Of marriage he told an audience of schoolboys — ungrammatically: "Your wives won't like you if you are an adventurer. They will want you to live in a factory or office, make a lot of money and get a pension when you are sixty. Adventurers don't get pensions. There are drawbacks to lives of adventure. One day you grow old . . . and your life becomes an anti-climax. I advise you to enjoy yourselves in the present because there will be another war before we know where we are." There is always the possibility that Dr. Joad has been misquoted. If accurately quoted, his wisecracks are open to criticism: *Grammatically*, unless he was addressing a single future bigamist. *For inconsistency*, because Wisecrack 2 contradicts Wisecrack 1. *For "corrupting youth"* with his cynicism and pessimism. Afterwards, Joad was challenged and declared that he spoke "with a twinkle in his eye." The trouble about cold print is that it has no fount of type to deal with naughty little twinkles. What Dr. Joad says to-day, England repeats to-morrow, but not necessarily Dr. Joad.

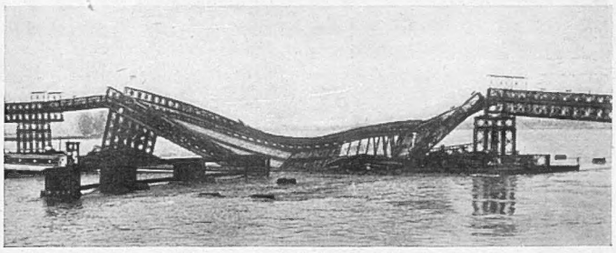
THE OLD STAGER

WHERE THE RIVER MEURTHE BURST ITS BANKS : An aerial view of Nancy, scene of the recent flood disaster which has involved the city in losses estimated at 100,000,000 francs, 2,000 houses being wrecked and 16,000 people being rendered homeless. The floods were at their worst in the industrial areas of Nancy

EASTERN FRANCE HIT BY FLOODS

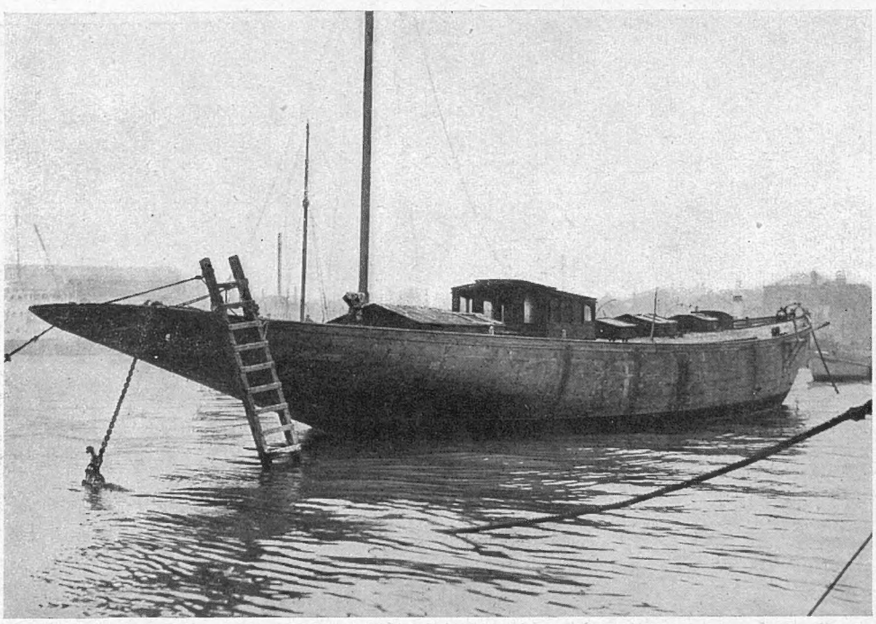
And Western Germany Suffered Too

A hundred bridges or more are down in the valleys of the Moselle and the Meurthe, and over the vast river system fed from the Vosges. Eastern France has indeed been hit by one of the worst floods in its history. Nancy, once the proud capital of Lorraine and one of the fairest cities in all France, has been particularly hard hit. Most of the big factories, the slaughter-houses and the flour mills have been put out of action, and distress in the area is acute. Large stocks of food and goods have perished, and electric current and the telephone service have failed. Conditions were also serious in Metz.



THIS WAS THE WORK OF A RUNAWAY BARGE : The Freeman Bridge across the Rhine at Dusseldorf, a temporary structure built by Allied engineers, collapsed when a barge was carried away by the floods and hit one of the piers. While Eastern France was inundated, the Rhine and other German rivers in the same system were far above normal

Below—**A MAROONED QUARTER IN THE CITY OF NANCY : Another aerial picture showing how the floods spread far and wide, cutting off houses and putting the industrial plants out of operation**

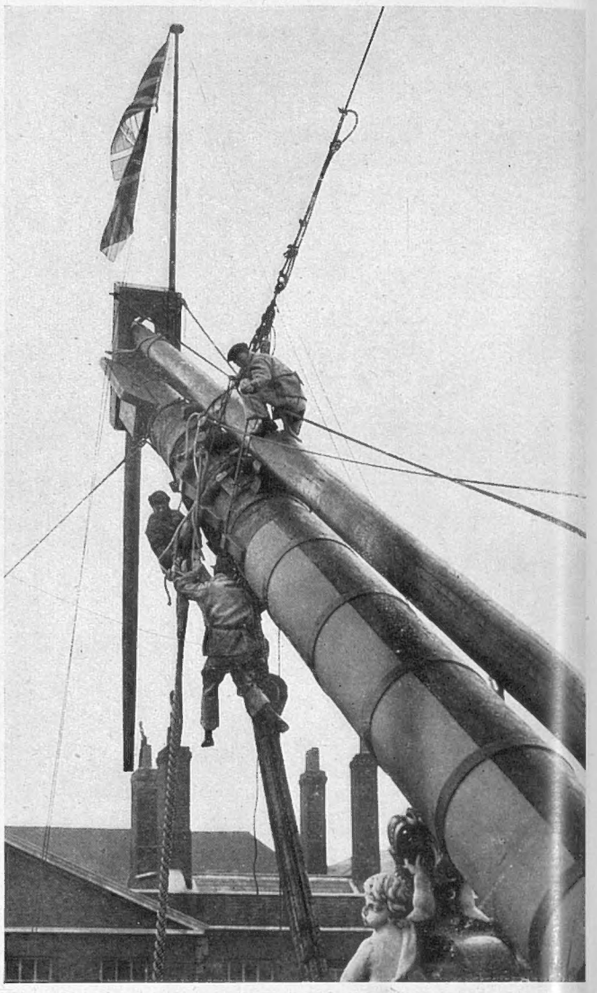


HER RACING DAYS OVER: The "Astra," once one of the finest of the "J" class yachts, swings at her moorings at Gosport. She is to be sold this month, and it is highly possible she may become a family holiday cruiser

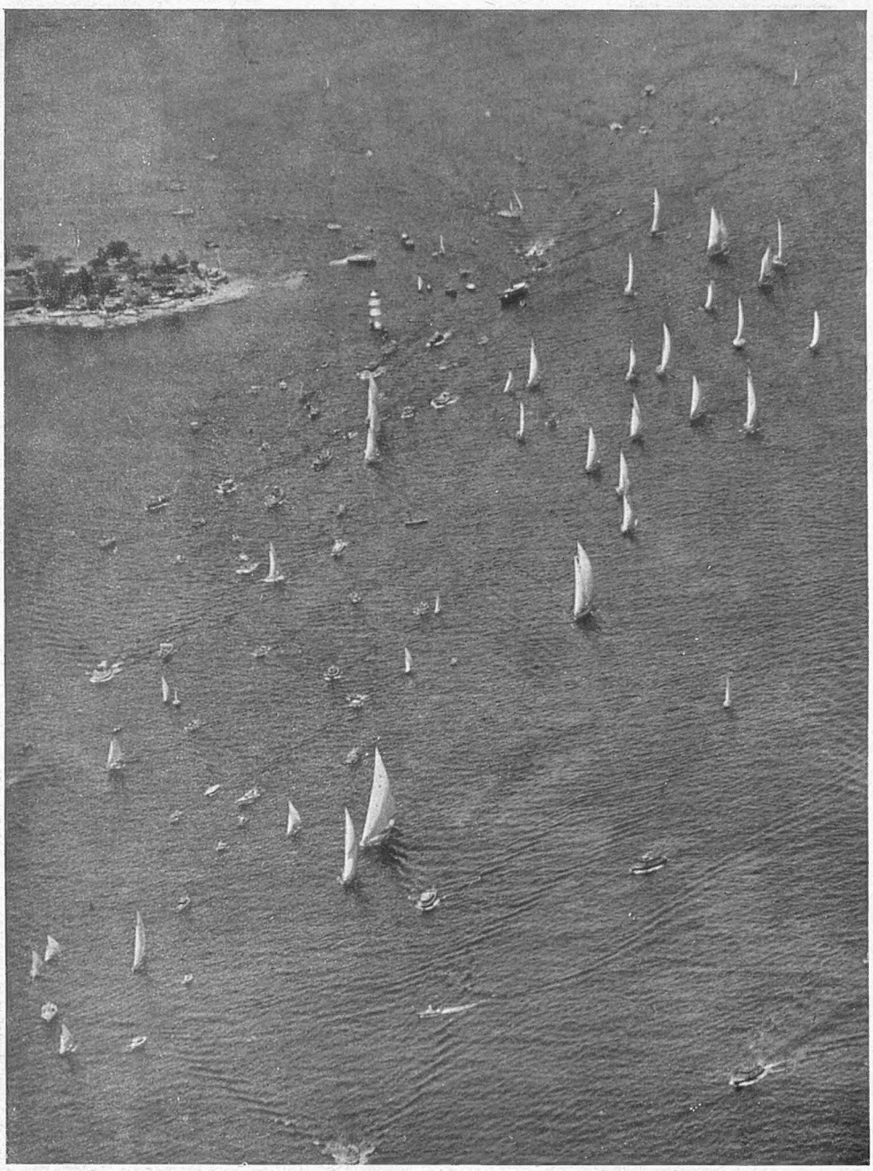
RE-RIGGING H.M.S. "VICTORY"

The Unwanted "J" Class Yachts: The Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race

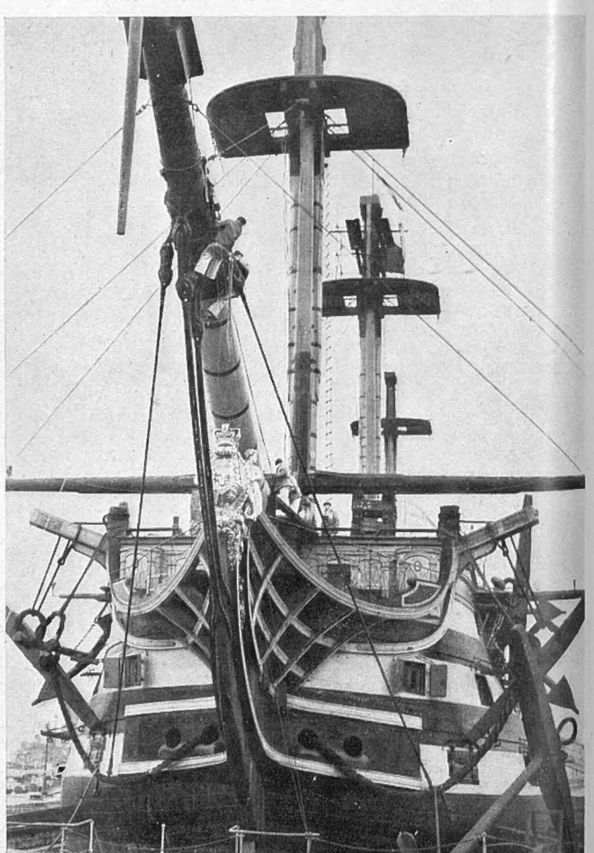
Last April *Endeavour II*, Britain's challenger for the America's Cup in 1937, was put up for auction at Gosport, together with her predecessor, *Endeavour I*. The Royal racing yacht *Britannia* was ceremonially sunk in the Channel in the '30's, and in 1946 it became known that Mr. Stephenson's yacht the *Velsheda* was condemned. Now *Astra* is in the market, and at her lonely moorings near the Gosport yards she presents a forlorn spectacle. If sold as a holiday cruiser, *Astra* will be deprived of her 65-ton lead keel which prevents her entering any but deep-water anchorages. With lead at its present market price of £85 a ton, bidding should be brisk



AT WORK ON THE BOWSPRIT AND JIB-BOOM OF H.M.S. "VICTORY," ON WHICH THE TASK OF RE-RIGGING BEGAN LAST AUTUMN AND WILL PROBABLY CONTINUE UNTIL APRIL: Twenty expert riggers are at present engaged in overhauling Nelson's old flagship, and they have now removed all the old gear from the vessel and are making a start with the new equipment. The work is being carried out under Commissioned Boatswain E. R. Bagnell, Master Rigger of the Portsmouth Dockyard. The progress of the work depends very largely on the weather, as it is not considered advisable to work in high winds



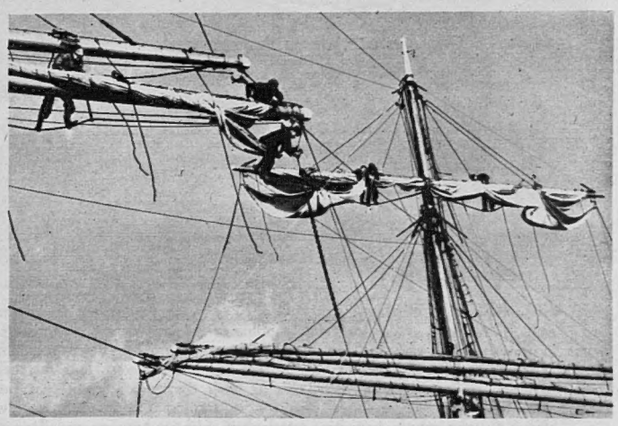
THE START OF AN OCEAN MARATHON: Some of the competing yachts accompanied by a host of motor-boats and other craft as they passed through Sydney Heads in the annual Ocean Yacht Race from Sydney to Hobart. The distance is 680 sea miles. The 1946 race provided a dramatic finish, when the yacht "Rani" emerged from the blue to snatch the prize



H.M.S. "VICTORY" BEREFT OF MOST OF HER RIGGING: The celebrated vessel as she now appears stripped of all her old gear and awaiting the fitting of the new. Work on the re-rigging of the vessel began before October 21, but it did not prevent the hoisting of the Trafalgar Day signal

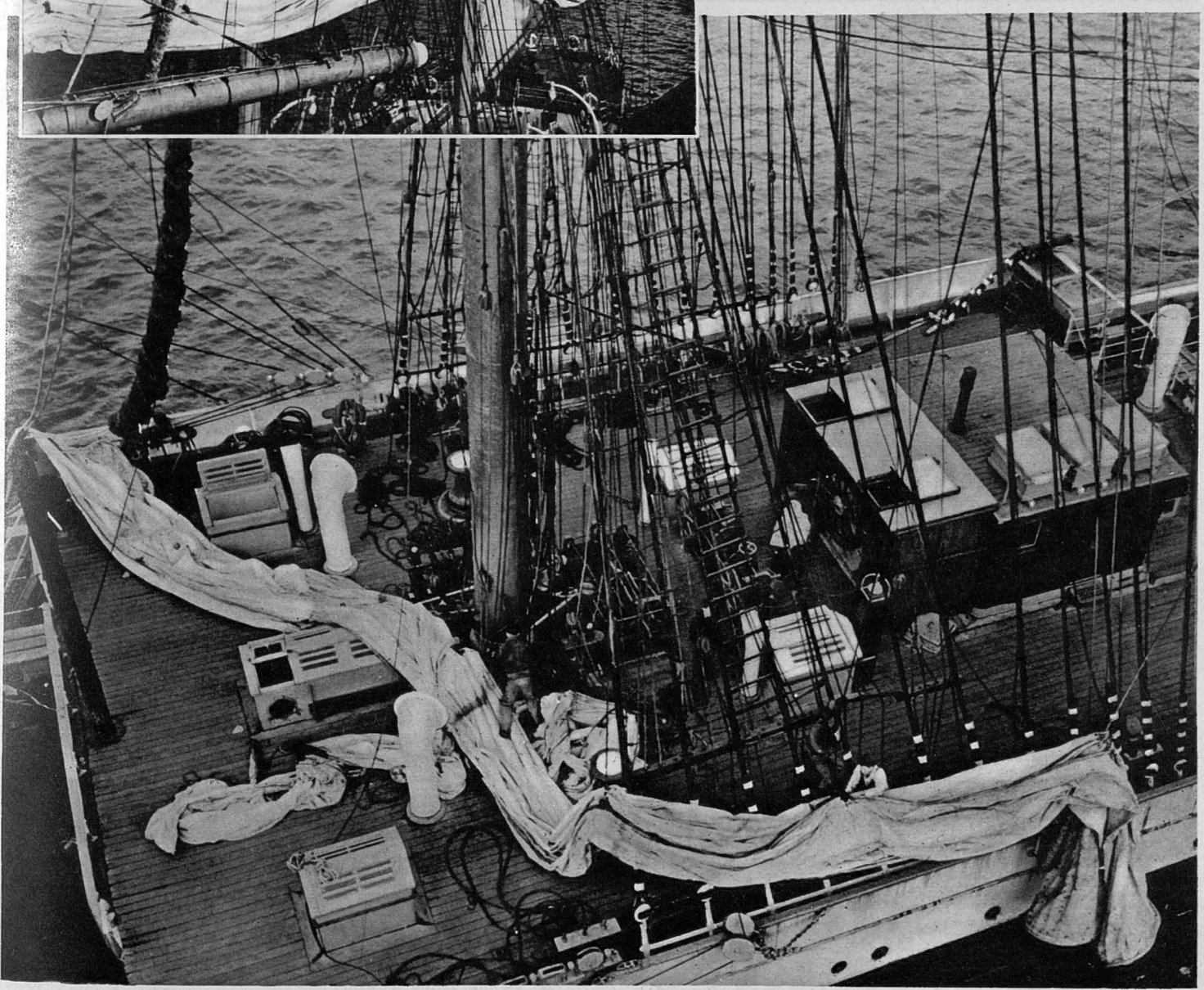
At Journey's End in London Docks

THE "PAMIR" OVERHAULS HER SAILS



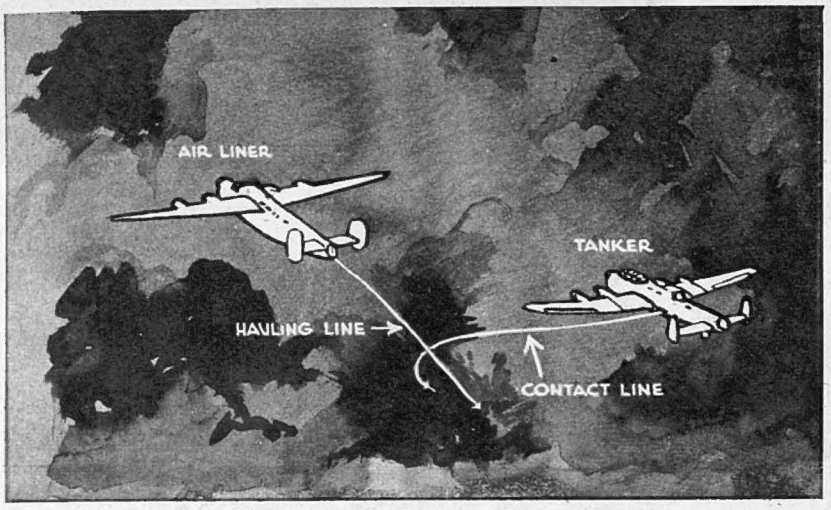
ALOFT IN THE WINDJAMMER "PAMIR": Stripping the topmost sails of the celebrated sailing vessel at her berth in Royal Victoria Docks, where she arrived just before Christmas after an eighty-day voyage from New Zealand. *On left*—**Looking through the "Pamir's" rigging to one of London's busy quays**

When the *Pamir* passed up-Channel and entered the Thames Estuary on the eve of Christmas, bringing in her holds 7,796 bales of wool, some tons of tallow and sixty-four cases of gift clothing, she aroused more interest than at any time in her long history, and while she was in the Thames during the Christmas holidays over 4,000 sightseers went aboard her. After the holidays work began in the Royal Victoria Docks on the windjammer's sails which are being stripped and fully overhauled. The *Pamir* is a vessel of 2,976 tons and she was built in Hamburg in 1905 by the firm of Blohm and Voss

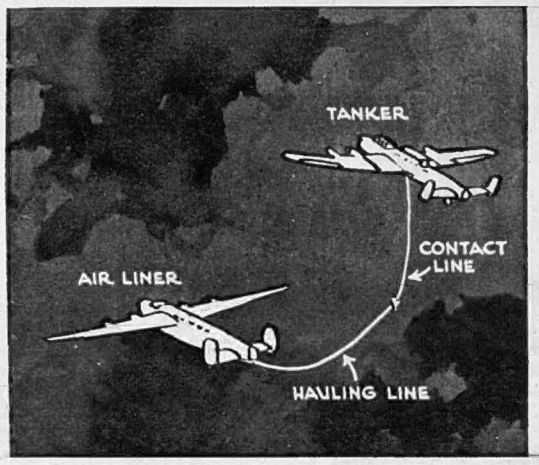


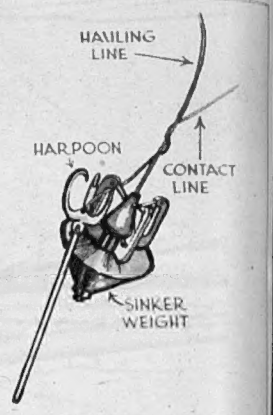
A SAIL NEEDING OVERHAUL AND REPAIR IS LOWERED TO THE DECK OF THE SQUARE-RIGGED WINDJAMMER: Just to the right of the mainmast is the steering-house, where the helmsman has a measure of protection from wind and weather. On her latest voyage the "Pamir's" sails stood up well to the Cape Horn conditions. So narrow is the margin that heavy damage to sails can often make all the difference between profit and loss on a voyage

b



AN AIR-LINER IS REFUELLED IN FLIGHT: This diagrammatic drawing and those on the right show how, under Sir Alan Cobham's system, petrol is transferred at 100 gallons a minute from a tanker aircraft to an air-liner. This flight refuelling, it is claimed, at least doubles the payload of present-day aircraft over long-distance routes, thereby turning losses into profits. In this drawing the tanker (right) has taken station below the air-liner. The air-liner operator is trailing the hauling line with sinker weight which becomes interlocked with a harpoon-ended contact line fired from an accurate line-throwing gun in the tanker. The projectile from the contact line is set to a forward firing angle of about 41 degrees, and if tanker and air-liner have taken station properly the contact line will always pass beneath the curve of the weighted hauling line



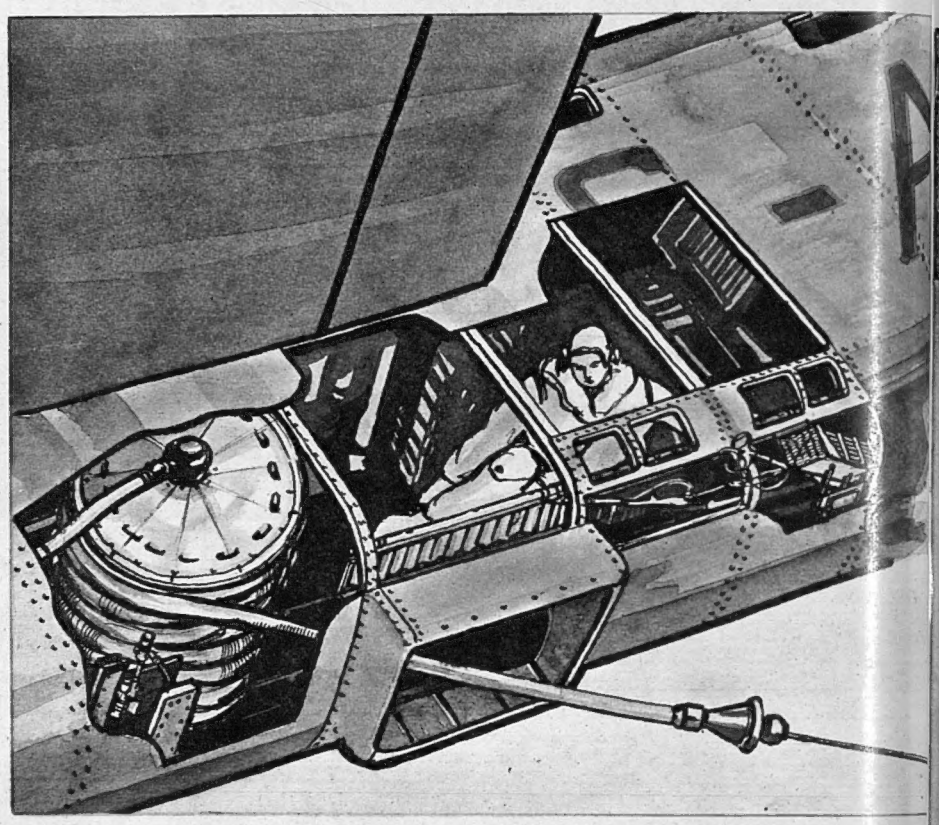


THE SECOND STAGE IN MAKING CONTACT BETWEEN AIR-LINER AND TANKER: The hauling line of the air-liner (left) is now joined to the harpoon-ended contact line of the tanker (right), and the latter proceeds to take station above and to starboard of the former. The tanker operator now hauls in the contact line, and attaches the petrol hose nozzle to the hauling line. The drawing on the right shows the method of interlocking between the two lines. The projectile and contact line are locked in the pawls on the sinker weight attached to the air-liner's hauling line

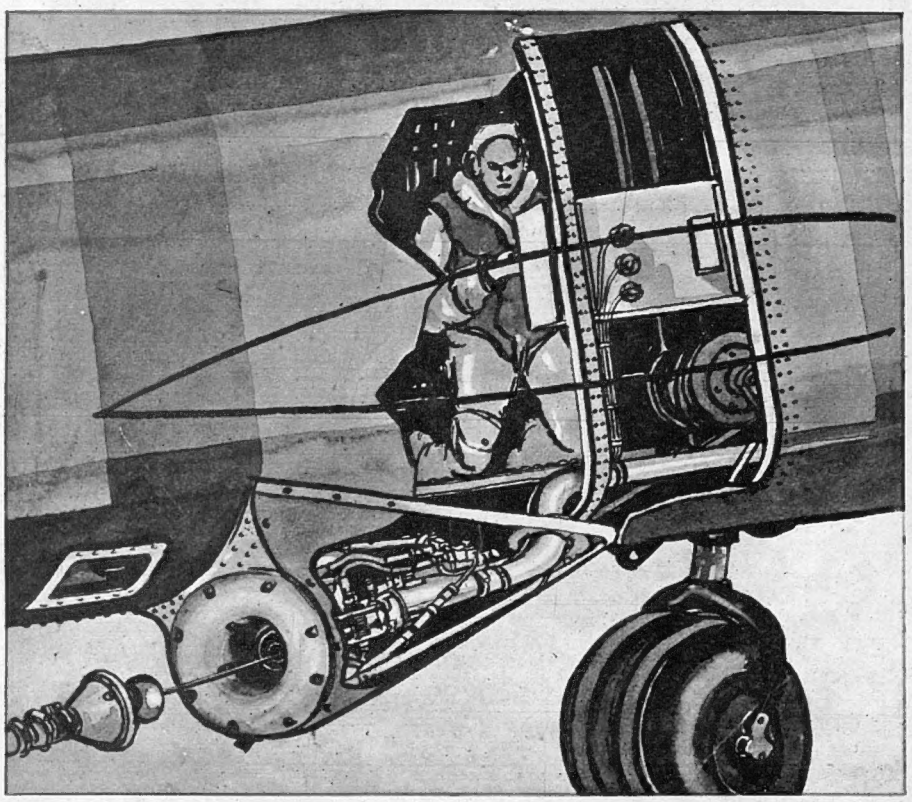
A WAY TO MAKE OUR AIR-LINERS PAY

Sir Alan Cobham's Air Refuelling Plan May Turn Appalling Losses Into Profits

The flying petrol pump has clearly come to stay, and if the experiments scheduled for this month in the North Atlantic prove to be a success under prevailing winter conditions there is every reason to expect that flight refuelling will be adopted on an international scale. It offers the chance to our commercial air-lines to cut down the appalling losses they are experiencing at the moment. The principle is that an air-liner can leave its departure-point in safety with a maximum possible payload and a minimum fuel load. Once in the air tanks can be filled from a tanker aircraft, and the air-liner can then proceed on its way without the necessity for intermediate landings. The advantages of the system are manifold, not only giving greater payload but greater range, greater safety in take-off (always a vital moment) and reducing the necessity for large runways and giant air-liners. The present winter trials in the North Atlantic, which are being carried out by Sir Alan Cobham's firm, Flight Refuelling Ltd., in conjunction with B.O.A.C., are for freight and mails only. B.O.A.C. will operate a special Liberator service between London and Montreal non-stop. On the westbound flight one refuelling will be carried out 500 miles from the Irish coast, and the second in the vicinity of Gander, thus eliminating halts at Rineanna and Gander. A careful check will be made of payloads in relation to working costs, and on the results B.O.A.C. may decide to make plans for a scheduled service. Sir Alan Cobham has been pioneering flight refuelling ever since the early '30's, and now it seems that his imaginative and highly practical ideas are to bear fruit—*Drawings by M. Squirrel*



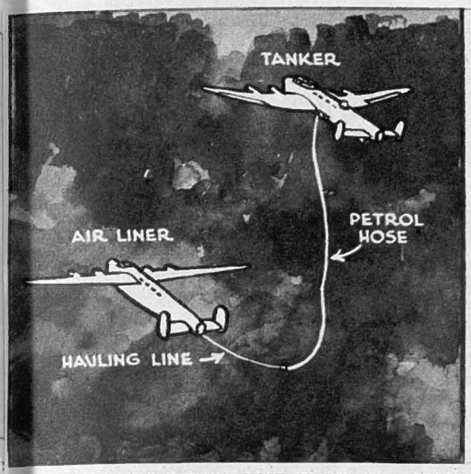
PAYING OUT THE HOSE FROM THE FLYING PETROL STATION: The operator within the tanker has just hauled in the hauling line from the air-liner by means of his own contact line. He has attached the hauling line to his own petrol hose and this will now be drawn across to the air-liner awaiting fuel. The nozzle will fit exactly into the bell-mouthed reception coupling at the stern of the air-liner

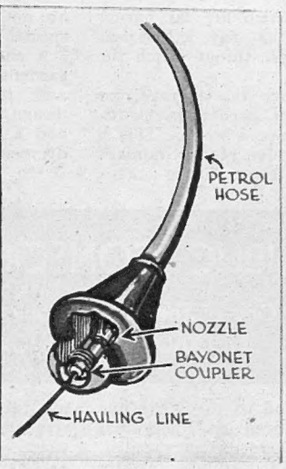


THE NOZZLE OF THE PETROL HOSE ABOUT TO BE HAULED INTO THE BELL-MOUTHED UNIT FITTED INTO THE STERN OF THE AIR-LINER: A fuel-tight joint is made between the ball end of the hose nozzle and the reception unit by means of four hydraulically-operated toggles which grip the nozzle lip and press the nozzle against neoprene seals. In order to allow the hauling line to pass through the centre of the coupling the fuel line is bifurcated at the throat, and from the reception coupling the line is led to the windlass through a conduit

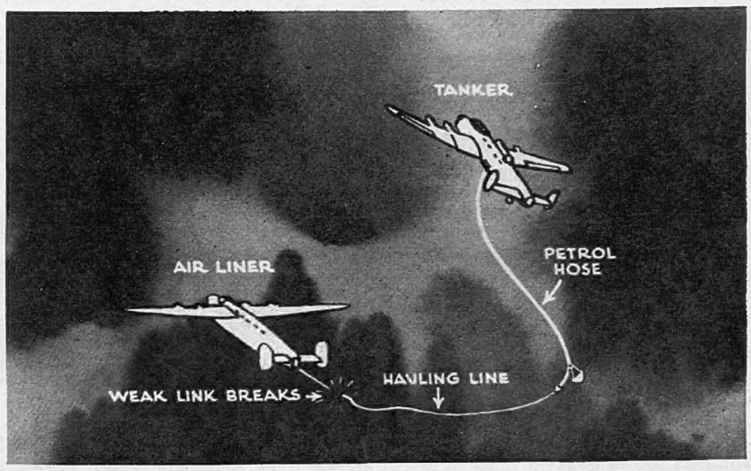
IN THE FIRING POSITION ON THE TANKER: The operator with the harpoon device which is fired beneath the arc of the air-liner's hauling line

On right—**REFUELLING IN PROGRESS:** An artist's impression of tanker and air-liner linked for refuelling. Both are flying at a level speed on a given bearing





THE CONNECTING PETROL HOSE IS DRAWN ACROSS FROM THE TANKER: The tanker (right) is now well above the air-liner, and the air-liner's refuelling expert is engaged in drawing the petrol line towards him by means of the hauling line. On the right is the bayonet coupler of the hauling line attached to the nozzle of the petrol hose. The cone at the end of the hose locks into a reception coupling in the air-liner, which is in turn linked by a pipe-line with the air-liner's several fuel tanks



WHEN THE REFUELLING IS COMPLETE; AND THE TANKER IS READY TO LEAVE FOR HOME AND THE AIR-LINER TO PROCEED ON ITS VOYAGE: The required amount of fuel having been passed, the air-liner releases the hose coupling. The hauling line is paid out on its windlass and eventually the two part company when the weak link of the hauling line breaks; the tanker having broken formation and veered to starboard. The tanker and air-liner operators then retrieve and stow their equipment

OLD FOLKS ON THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

How Other Lands are Dealing With One of the Great Problems of Our Age

By FERDINAND TUOHY

YOU may have seen how Mr. Attlee is apportioning South Africa's gift of something like £1,200,000 to the people of Britain. One half is going to youth organisations, and of the balance four-fifths to Service or kindred funds, and one-fifth to old folk.

How many among us must have thought, "I 'd have given the whole lot to the old people!"

Quite so. It wouldn't have gone very far among 2,000,000 pensioners. But the giving of the whole lot to ageing folk would have signified far more than the cheque in question or even a much bigger one. It would have been in the nature of a gesture indicating that the nation had come to think again in respect of one of the most clamant wrongs of this post-war period.

"Wrongs"? Maybe that is not the appropriate word. There 's something else, as of a great unthinkingness abroad—and I mean, literally, abroad, as well as at home.

However, the effect is the same: if this be an ugly and a hard age, I know of no circumstance in which the fact comes out more plainly than in the treatment of old people. With all too few exceptions, countries seem to be bored having them around, act as if they felt the incubus more than ever their forbears did. On occasion this sentiment merges into an unmistakable "I wish they 'd go!"

There must be some fresh reason to account for the excessive attention paid to children and adolescents at the expense of age, for the whole display of ill-balanced favouritism and exaggerated wet-nursing and molly-coddling, which are not only manifestly unfair and unchivalrous, but indecent and even ignoble.

Can anything be traced back to Mussolini's pampering and elevation of youth, and to Hitler's subsequent *fortissimo* in the same theme? After all, such glorification of the young filled the air of Europe and carried with it the seed of contempt for the old, as for their times and ways.

Yet Fascism and Nazism were not notably harsh to old people. A big slice of the forced Winter Help levy—of what the Nazis didn't tilt into Party funds—went to the old. Still, the virus was working "away from all this into the brave new world," and inevitably age was left by the wayside. Of no further use.

It could be maintained that something of the same mental process is visible in Britain to-day; that Ministers have got into a frame of mind where they think preponderantly in terms of babies and the young, because so much of their work is consecrated to building for the future.

One finds it difficult to believe that our neglect of the old springs from a lack of kindness. My experience, at any rate, is that this is a kind people by outside standards. Much more likely has Socialist zeal and fervour for a new Britain overlooked the matter of tending those who will never live to see it.

Each time Dr. Edith Summerskill tells of the state of health of the nation, she obliges with statistics showing how infantile mortality has never been lower, how babies weigh more than in pre-war days, how children are taller and adolescents sturdier. There is the obsession at work: for all the woman ever says of other age-groups who also go to form the well-being of Britain, or the reverse, they might not exist.

How clarifying, for a change, would be figures showing the wasting away of old people, the increased sickness, disability, and ever-mounting mortality rate in their case. And thereby hangs a tale which really ought to go further. The scene is Central Hall, Westminster.

"It is possible for a nation to determine how long its people should live," said Dr. Summerskill. "We are helping to do that by fairly sharing our available foodstuffs. When food is limited, the Ministry sets out to see which groups should get an extra share, and these include babies, children, nursing mothers, and adolescents."

"Afterwards, Mr. J. A. Ward, of Edmonton, said he had never seen the ambulance men so busy. The reason was 'the old folk could not get enough food to give them stamina to sit through such a meeting.'"

Fortunately there are signs that the country is ahead of the Government, which will be invited to do more than plan for beautiful eventide homes to be occupied some sunny or not sunny day. What is wanted is something now, to help this generation of old people, not their successors, and provided pressure of public opinion be maintained, this should materialise in a variety of ways.

Meanwhile, comparisons with other countries are difficult to make, for reasons of climate and local staples of food, as well as of all-governing finance. We shall have to solve things in our own way *during these hard times* which are far harder on the old than on the rest of us—say, a five-year push to give, as a priority, those things which the ageing need the most.

New Zealand is rather above the average, for the Dominions. In return for earlier payments, old people enjoy the right to 45s. a week. This is Auckland's version of the Beveridge plan. Standard rations are ample, even for those living alone. Special flats are being built, and in the meantime military camps are being converted into individual quarters. Here, and elsewhere when needed, St. John Ambulance nurses and members prepare a meal a day and do their washing for the old folk.

Auckland boasts an "Honouring Age Committee" whose mission is to keep the Government up to the mark, and note might be taken of the fact in this hemisphere.

In the United States the trend is to lodge the old folk in municipal homes or with private persons. In either case, the ageing receive medical care and food for three meals a day. They also get 50s. a week from social security funds, and more if recipients have regularly contributed up to sixty-five. But the accent is on help given by citizens' organisations in emotional America.

Coming to Europe—more in our line from the comparative standpoint—Sweden leads the way with pensions raised this year to a variable maximum of 35s., according to where the pensioner lives. This idea commends itself, since old folk in the country can be better placed than in the harsh, queueing towns. Provided someone gets in wood fuel for them, and attends to their more burdensome daily "musts." In a largely coal-less Sweden, wood-carrying can be a burden indeed.

In Switzerland the high cost of living has hit the old badly. In order to cope with the deficiency, and it is a very big one, cantonal institutions are being multiplied and their food allotments notably increased.

The position is happier in Holland. The aged receive pensions up to 33s. 6d. a week, and may obtain a further 11s. under the poor law. Homes are not lacking, and now the Government is building special hostels. Here is a description of one such: "A charming, long, low building set in attractive gardens. The sunny public rooms are decorated and furnished in colours and in good modern design. No one ever becomes too old or too feeble, and a trained staff is on hand for such things as dressing the residents."

In Italy—not so good. There are only compounds for the ageing in reconditioned Army camps, while the 8s.-a-week allowance barely covers a couple of days' food—24 ozs. of powdery bread, a pint of milk, and a plateful of *pasta*. On the other hand, Italy is a case where climate comes into it, together with its fruits. I know our ex-Servicemen will grin wryly at the idea of Italy being a sunny land, yet they need to remember where they were, and at what time of year. Compared with Britain, the Italian sun is a constant boon to old people, together with the wine, fruit and vegetables which it produces.

In France the position of old people is definitely better than here, and primarily for the reason—necessary to state without any evasion—that French people respect and care for years more than we do. Old people are the first beneficiaries of the famous ties of *la famille* and, no doubt, it will ever be so.

On paper, old French people get very little from the State—a mere 12s. or 16s. a week, and again according to where they live, in town or country.

The only asylum for the aged French is a far-from-agreeable almshouse. But few are driven to such straits. Nearly all old French people are honoured guests with a son or daughter if they cannot make out for themselves.

And what of modern Spain and its persisting regime? It has been claimed that the "social justice" relief measures taken by the Franco Government represent the high point of accomplishment. In that case, the cards remain heavily stacked so as to keep the poor poor and the rich rich, and none come out worse than the old, despite "old-age protection."

Not much is known of conditions in the totalitarian lands, beyond that the emphasis is strongly on feeding and seeing to the needs of the bodily fit before anyone else. The old appear to come last—either in over-populated lodgings or living communally and hard. Off-the-ration Russia, which quickly begat queues and shortages, must bear sorely on the aged. They can hardly hope for much in the scramble that is currently afoot.

The Western Allies threw away a great chance of impressing Germans and Austrians when they refrained from giving any special help to the old, because they concentrated everything on the children. As early as the summer of 1945 Germans spoke about this. They pointed out that they also had parents, and that the spectacle of watching them wither and die was not for one moment covered over in their minds by our relatively bountiful behaviour to German children.

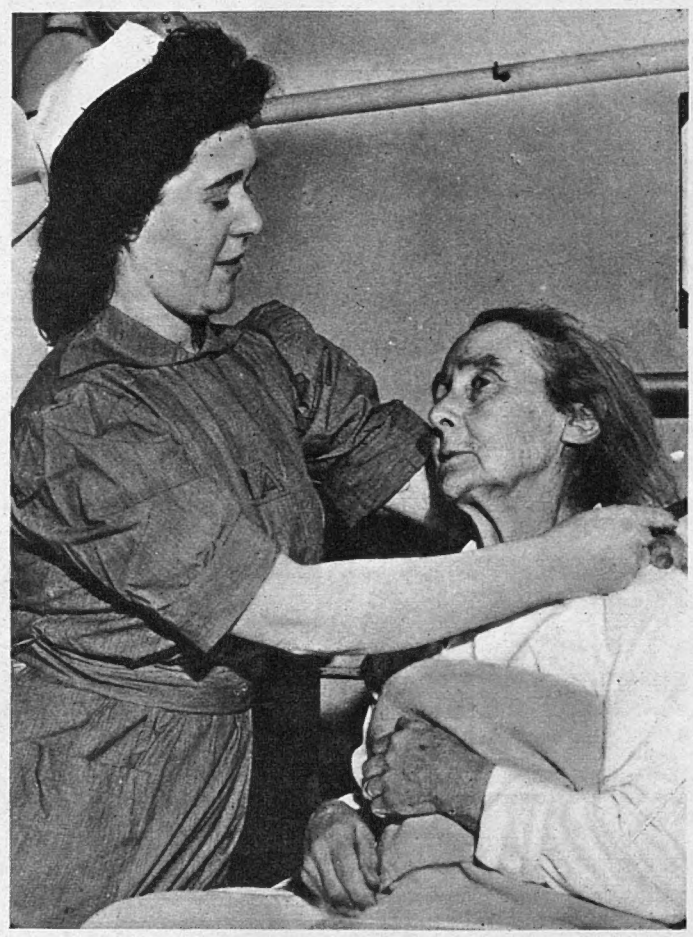
The Viennese gave the occupying Allies a lesson this Christmas when they made "an affectionate fuss" of nearly 600 couples who had reached their golden weddings. We—the Allies—had done practically nothing for them. But 20,000 children were given a party.

To finish nearer home, we have seen the Dublin Sweepstake for years better the lot of old Irish people by the erection of more-than-adequate hospital accommodation (here it is hard to find a bed for old people even when they are suffering from more than just being too old).

Well, we also have a chance to give our old people a fair break—by means of a State Lottery. Rumours of it have come thick and fast of late. I know this is a controversial subject, but there is a point in mentioning it. Did you see all the organisers would allot to old people out of the £2,000,000,000 prize-money? A mere £45,000,000 for comforts for the aged *and* sick!

In America the science of Geriatrics is well known. As we are likely to have 9,000,000 old people by 1970, it should be better known in the United Kingdom. It concentrates on research and knowledge aimed at making the evening of life happier and more comfortable.

A good way of getting into practice for 1970 is to give certain reliefs to our old people right here and now. At the end of my space I think at once of—more butter, fats, bacon, milk, cheaper or more tea and tobacco. Extra fuel and clothes coupons, free wireless licences are other items which might well bear reliefs. The current tea ration falls particularly hardly on the aged living alone.



STELLA EGAN LENDS A HELPING HAND: This young lady from Clapham and Streatham Hill Training College is giving an old lady patient at Mile End Hospital a hair-do. The old lady says she is not frightened of the camera, as she often has her photograph taken, the last time being in 1931. Owing to the great shortage of staff in many London hospitals, students have begun work as volunteer orderlies, thus relieving the pressure on the skilled staff and enabling them to give their whole time to nursing

99,000,000 TONS of SNOW FELL on NEW YORK

Some Aspects of the City After the Christmas Blizzard

OUTSIDE LA GUARDIA AIRPORT AFTER THE SIXTEEN-HOUR BLIZZARD: Parked cars fully enveloped in snow near a petrol-filling station. It was estimated that 99,000,000 tons of snow fell on New York during this Christmastide storm, which surpassed the snowfall records of 1888. For several days aircraft had to be diverted to Washington

For many days after Christmas 14,000 employees of the street-cleaning department, supplemented by 16,000 emergency workers and directed by Mayor O'Dwyer, who flew back from California when he heard of the emergency, were engaged in removing the 99,000,000 tons of snow which fell on America's largest city. In every street traffic conditions were chaotic, and where vehicles did not come to a standstill they were reduced to a crawl. The blizzard blanketed the seaboard from Connecticut to Delaware. It was expected that the cost of snow clearance would be over 3,000,000 dollars

AT HOME ON PARK AVENUE: Members of an Eskimo family from Wales, Alaska, went out with their dog team after the record snowfall. The Eskimos have been taking part in the Christmas show at the Grand Central Palace

DUMPING SOME OF THE 99,000,000 TONS: Snow cleared from the clogged streets of Manhattan being put into the East River. A vast army of emergency workers was mobilised to assist the regular street clearance squads

TRAFFIC WAS CHAOTIC IN MANHATTAN: Two aspects of the city streets after the blizzard had continued for sixteen hours and 25·8 ins. of snow had fallen. *Left*—Looking north along Eighth Avenue at 121st Street. These buses were immobilised for hours, and they had to wait their turn until the traffic ahead had been cleared. *Right*—The fire-escapes on homes in 98th Street made an unusual pattern. Lines of cars in the street were completely covered with snow

THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS IN BOMBED FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN : **Christmas trees being sold at a street market in the city.** With food and fuel at a low ebb, Germans found it hard to conjure up the Christmas spirit, and in many towns the shopkeepers did not even attempt a display

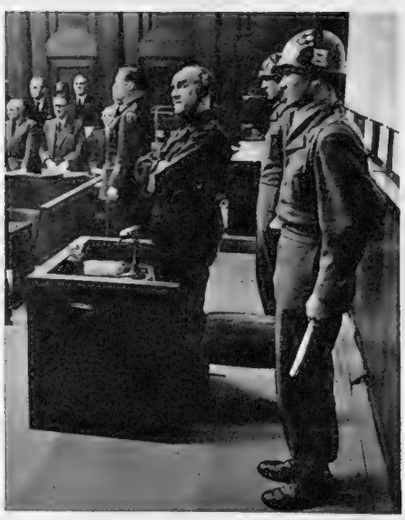
HENRIETTE VON SCHIRACH FACES A DE-NAZIFICATIO COURT : **The wife of Baldur von Schirach the former Hitler Youth leader, standin before the court at Bad Toelz, Bavaria** Her case was reviewed shortly before Christma and she received a fine of 2,000 marks. Henriett von Schirach's husband is serving a twenty-ye term in the Spandau prison for war crimes

GERMANY at the TURN of the YEAR

News from the Eastern and Western Zones

BERLIN HOLDS ITS ANNUAL CHRISTMAS SHOW IN THE LUSTGARTEN : **A general view of the market and fairgrou set up among the bombed buildings of the capital. The fair offered the usual merry-go-rounds and sid shows, and there was even a Great Racer (on right), but enthusiasm was no more marked than in 19**

VON RUNDSTEDT FLIES HOME FOR CHRISTMAS : **The former Field Marshal and leader of the Ardennes offensive seen as he boarded a plane at Northolt en route to Germany.** Von Rundstedt, who is incarcerated at Bridgend Prison Camp, Glamorganshire, was permitted to make the trip in order to see his son who is seriously ill in the British Zone. His son was repatriated on the grounds that he had become an anti-Nazi. Owing to high blood pressure and rheumatism, von Rundstedt walked with two sticks



OSWALD POHL TAKES THE STAND : This former member of the S.S., who had already been sentenced to hang for his crimes, is seen standing handcuffed between guards at Nuremberg before giving evidence with regard to the use of slave labour in Farben plants

FOUR MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND WHO FIGURE CASE NO. 12 IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AT NUREMBERG In the front row are Wilhelm von Leeb, former Commander of Twelfth Army ; and Johannes Blaskowitz, who was prominently employ in the Western theatre of operations. Seated behind them are Oe Woehler and Rudolf Leillman. They are all charged with war crime

AN UNHOLY TRIUMVIRATE RECORDED IN STAINED GLASS: In the second panel from the right of this stained-glass window of St. Martin's Church at Landshut, Bavaria, showing the martyrdom of St. Castulus, the three figures of the torturers resemble Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. Hitler, with moustache, forelock and black S.S. boots, is pictured as the executioner, while Goebbels and Goering lead St. Castulus to the rack. The window was painted by Max Lacher, who was sentenced to death by the Gestapo in the last days of the war for his part in the "Interpreters' Company," the German resistance movement, and it was installed in the church in 1946. The church has now requested permission from the Military Government to have the heads of the torturers in the window changed

THE TRIAL OF THE NAZI DIPLOMATS STILL GOES ON: This is Case 11 before the Omgus Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, and these are four of the nineteen men who are accused of marshalling support behind Hitler. Left to right—Ernst von Weizaecker, Secretary of State, German Foreign Office, 1933-43, and later German Ambassador to the Vatican; Gustav von Royland, Secretary of State, 1943-45; Wilhelm Keppler, State Secretary for Special Assignments, German Foreign Office; and Ernst Bohle, German Foreign Office, 1937-41

ONE SHOP IN GERMANY WHERE SHOPPING IS EASY: Wives of Army and Civil Government personnel at the gift counter of the N.A.A.F.I. Families' Shop in Herford. Elaborate Christmas arrangements were made on their behalf

TWO MEN WHO HAVE MADE A STAND FOR DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY: Dr. Jacob Kaiser (left) and his co-leader, Herr Ernst Lemmer, addressing a Press conference in Berlin. The Russians have sought to depose them from office and authority in the Christian Democratic Party of Germany following their refusal to sink their identity in the so-called *bloc* front, which means in effect the Communist-directed and dominated Socialist Unity Party. Kaiser and Lemmer took part in a two-day Christmas conference to debate this issue, and they received a unanimous vote of confidence from their supporters in Western Germany for the firm stand they had taken. They declared that they awaited the Russian reply to their challenge with interest but without anxiety

ROUND THE WORLD ON THE EVE OF 1948

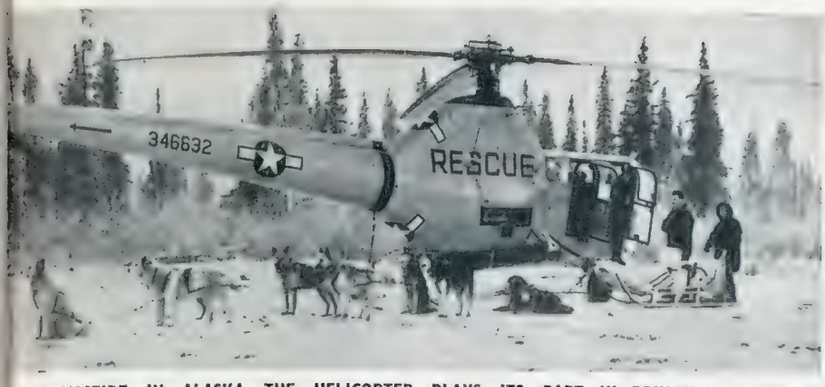
A Survey of the News In Pictures

MILAN HAD A WHITE CHRISTMAS—NUNS PASSING THROUGH THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE DURING A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW : Dimly in the background is seen the celebrated cathedral, regarded by the Milanese as the eighth wonder of the world. For a few brief days Milan wore an air of calm beauty in keeping with the Christmas season, and in tremendous contrast to the events of the past month when partisans occupied the Prefecture for a menacing twenty-four hours and the military had to be called out

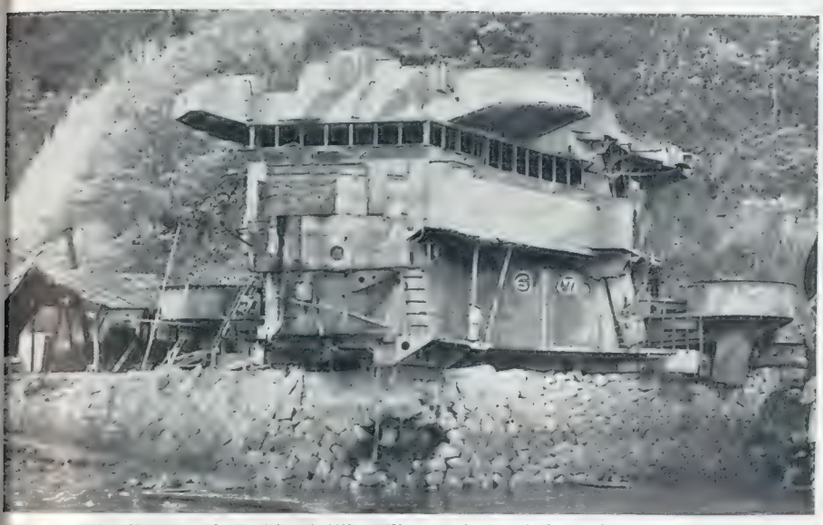
CHRISTMAS EVE IN BETHLEHEM : The Star of Bethlehem shining above the High Altar during the celebration of Midnight Mass in the Church of St. Catherine. Mgr. Gelat, the presiding priest, is raising the Host before the altar, and (*on left*) he is seen in the Franciscan Chapel of the Nativity Church, where he performed another service. Mgr. Gelat, as Apostolic Administrator, is the first Arab to have held High Mass in Bethlehem on a Christmas Eve. He was assisted by another Arab priest. While the service was taking place, two villages on the Bethlehem-Jerusalem Road were centres of engagements between Arab and Jew

ITALY'S NEW CONSTITUTION OFFICIALLY COMES INTO FORCE : Acting President Enrico de Nicola, who now assumes the full powers of President of the Italian Republic, indicates to Premier de Gasperi where to sign the historic document of 132 articles. The new Constitution was finally voted in by the Chamber with 485 votes against 68, and it became effective on January 1. It took eighteen months to prepare the document. Last summer, it may be remembered, President Nicola sought to resign on the grounds of ill-health, but the Assembly persuaded him to remain. He will now live in the Quirinal

AUSTRALIA'S WHEAT-FIELDS YIELD A BUMPER CROP : A harvester moving through a 4-ft.-high crop of Gabo wheat in the Narrabi district of New South Wales, where the yield is sixteen bags to the acre and the best for many years. *On left*—A stooked crop in the Narrabi district. Australian farmhands have been working from sunrise to sunset under blazing skies. Trucks laden with the golden ears queue outside the silos in all the wheat towns of New South Wales, but so great is the yield that available transport can hardly cope with the crop. One farmer in Narrabi has reported a crop of eighteen bags per acre



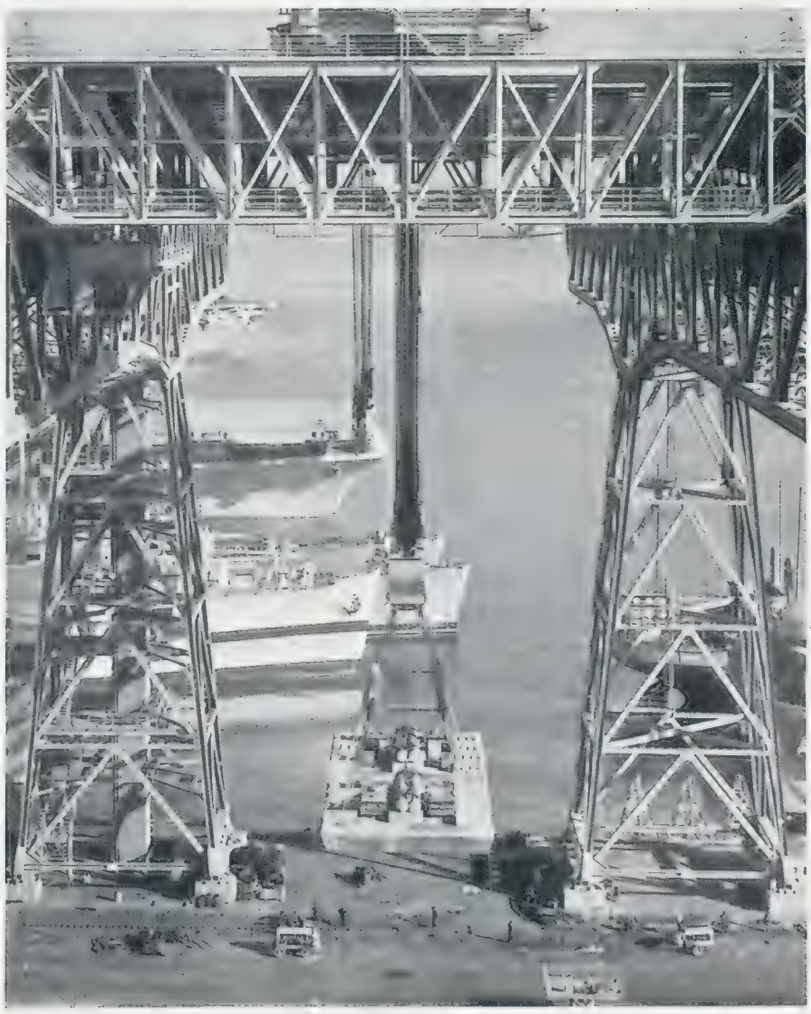
CHRISTMASTIDE IN ALASKA—THE HELICOPTER PLAYS ITS PART IN BRINGING CHRISTMAS CHEER TO THE OUTPOSTS: Members of Alaska Air Command's Tenth Rescue Squadron transferring parcels from their helicopter to a dog sled which took them on to isolated posts in the territory. This picture was taken at Fort Richardson, where the machine made an easy landing on ground only lightly covered by snow



THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT SHIRAKASHI BUILT: Shirakashi is a labourer employed during the war at one of the Hiroshima dockyards. After the atom bomb fell on the city he obtained this part of the superstructure of a badly damaged warship and has now set it up on the breakwater. Shirakashi has a family of four and lives in much more comfort than most of the inhabitants of the atom-bombed city

A SURPRISE WEDDING IN SHANGHAI: Major-General Claire Lee Chennault (ret.), who recently received the United States Navy's Distinguished Service Medal, standing beside his bride, Anna Chan. They were married recently at the bridegroom's Shanghai home. The bride is a Shanghai reporter, and is the daughter of a one-time Chinese Consul in San Francisco. Major-General Chennault was the wartime commander of the Flying Tigers, and later he ran the United States Fourteenth Air Force in China. He now runs a China air line carrying relief supplies. Seventeen months ago the Major-General was divorced by his first wife, who had borne him eight children

OVERLOOKING ANXIOUS ATHENS: A sentry of the Greek Regular Army on duty outside his look-out post on the heights of Mount Lycabettus. He is one of a number of special guards who have been posted at vantage points round Athens in order to prevent a possible attack by guerilla paratroopers who might land on the city unawares. Athens has been gravely disturbed by the vigorous nature of the partisan offensive in the north, and in the New Year heard with relief that General Markos had been checked in the Konitza offensive



AMERICA CLAIMS THIS IS THE BIGGEST CRANE EVER MADE AND THAT IT HAS ACHIEVED THE HEAVIEST LIFT EVER MADE BY MAN: The crane has been installed at the Hunter's Point Naval Shipyards, San Francisco, and when this picture was taken it was hoisting a concrete, steel and lead slab weighing approximately 630 tons. Captain Phillip Lemmler, the shipyard commander, described this as the heaviest lift ever made by man. The crane will be used for putting guns, machinery and other weighty equipment aboard warships in course of being fitted out in the naval yards

KING MICHAEL'S ABDICATION

And the Royal Romance with Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma

There have been four occupants of the Rumanian throne since its establishment in 1881—King Carol I, King Ferdinand, King Carol II, and King Michael. Of these King Michael has reigned twice and King Carol has twice renounced his rights. King Michael first came to the throne in 1927, at the age of six, but three years later Carol suddenly returned to Rumania by air and was proclaimed King in place of his son, ruling for ten years and then abdicating in favour of Michael. Of recent months King Michael has led a completely isolated life in the midst of a Soviet-dominated country. At the close of the war he had been on good terms with the Soviet, and it was he indeed who dismissed Antonescu and brought Rumania into the war as a co-belligerent on the Allied side. Of late, however, the situation has steadily deteriorated, and the appointment of Communist Anna Pauker as Rumania's Foreign Minister rather than King Michael's desire to marry Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, was the signal for the events that led up to the abdication. For some time past a Republic in Rumania had appeared to be inevitable.

A RURITANIAN CASTLE AMONG THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CARPATHIANS: Penesh Castle, Sinaia, the 160-roomed palace where King Michael of Rumania joined the Queen-Mother after he had abdicated the Rumanian throne and the Government of Dr. Groza had set up the Rumanian People's Republic. Last week-end they left Sinaia for Switzerland. Sinaia, lying 150 kilometres from Bucharest, was built in 1873 for King Carol I, the Hohenzollern Prince who helped to achieve Rumania's independence and who in 1881 was chosen the first King. After his death in 1914 the Palace was extended by Ferdinand I

AS THE REIGN OF KING MICHAEL DREW TOWARDS A CLOSE: The King is seen in this picture shaking hands with Anna Pauker, the Communist Deputy, on her taking office as Rumania's Foreign Minister. When, after his return from London and Lausanne, King Michael asked permission to marry, it was Anna Pauker who, on behalf of the Rumanian Government, gave a clear-cut "No." The new Foreign Minister's appointment marked a further move to the extreme Left in Rumanian politics, and the abdication and setting-up of the Rumanian Republic followed in swift succession

THEY PARTED AT LAUSANNE: King Michael and Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, who had spent a holiday in each other's company after meeting in London at the time of Princess Elizabeth's wedding, seen as they parted last December, Princess Anne to return to Copenhagen, and the King to return to Bucharest, where he was asked to abdicate

PRINCESS ANNE OF BOURBON-PARMA: The Princess in the drawing-room of her parents' eight-roomed villa in Copenhagen. The Princess's grandfather, Henry, Duke of Parma, had seventeen children by his two marriages. Princess Anne is the daughter of Prince René of Bourbon-Parma, who married Princess Margaret of Denmark, daughter of Prince Valdemar. For several days following King Michael's abdication Princess Anne was unable to get into telephonic communication with him

Exploring the Untrodden Peaks of THE LLOYD GEORGE RANGE

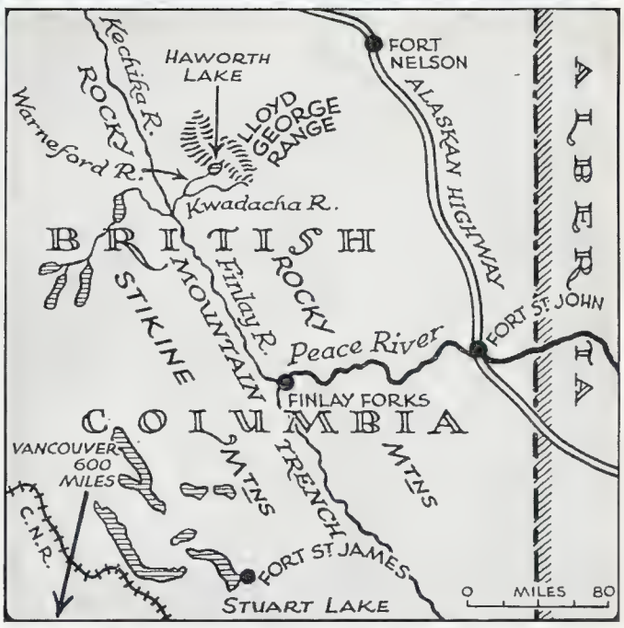
A Special "Sphere" Section Illustrating the 1947 Expedition to Unknown North-East British Columbia

HOW THE 1947 EXPEDITION TO THE LLOYD GEORGE RANGE FLEW INTO THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY IN NORTH-EAST BRITISH COLUMBIA: In this single-engined Junkers seaplane the seven members of the party were ferried in from Fort St. James and Fort Nelson and landed on the shores of Haworth Lake, where the base camp was established

SIX OF THE SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE LLOYD GEORGE EXPEDITION: Left to right—Major Rex Gibson (Edmonton), Mr. Henry S. Hall (Boston, Mass.), Mr. John Ross (Harvard University), Mr. David Wessell (Montana), Mrs. Frank Smythe and Dr. Odell (of the 1924 and 1938 Everest expeditions). The photographer was Frank Smythe, also of Everest fame and one of the world's greatest mountaineers

One of the least-known areas in North America is that in North-East British Columbia. This area, in extent about 25,000 square miles, is still almost wholly unexplored. Before 1947 not one of its thousands of mountains had been trodden. The finest of its many ranges has at the foot of it one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. An American explorer, Paul Leland Haworth, in 1916 and 1919 made attempts to reach this lake via the Finlay River in a canoe—a journey involving a round trip of 1,000 miles. He managed to get to the end of the lake, but could go no farther owing to exhaustion and lack of food. He named the mountains above the far end of the lake the Lloyd George Range, and the lake after himself

In 1947 Mr. Frank Smythe and Dr. Odell, both climbers who have won fame on Everest and other Himalayan peaks, made the first ascents of peaks in the Lloyd George Range, and this special section of THE SPHERE constitutes a photographic record of some of the truly magnificent work they achieved.



WHERE THE LLOYD GEORGE RANGE IS SITUATED: A general sketch-map of the area in North-East British Columbia where the 1947 expedition, consisting of a party of three British, one Canadian and three American mountaineers, carried out their exploration of the high peaks, made a geological survey, and also made a collection of plants. This remote area lies 600 miles in a north-north-easterly direction from Vancouver, and 150 miles to the east of the mountains is the celebrated Alaska Highway. Fort St. James and Fort Nelson, the two points from which the seven members of the expedition were flown in to Haworth Lake, are indicated on the map

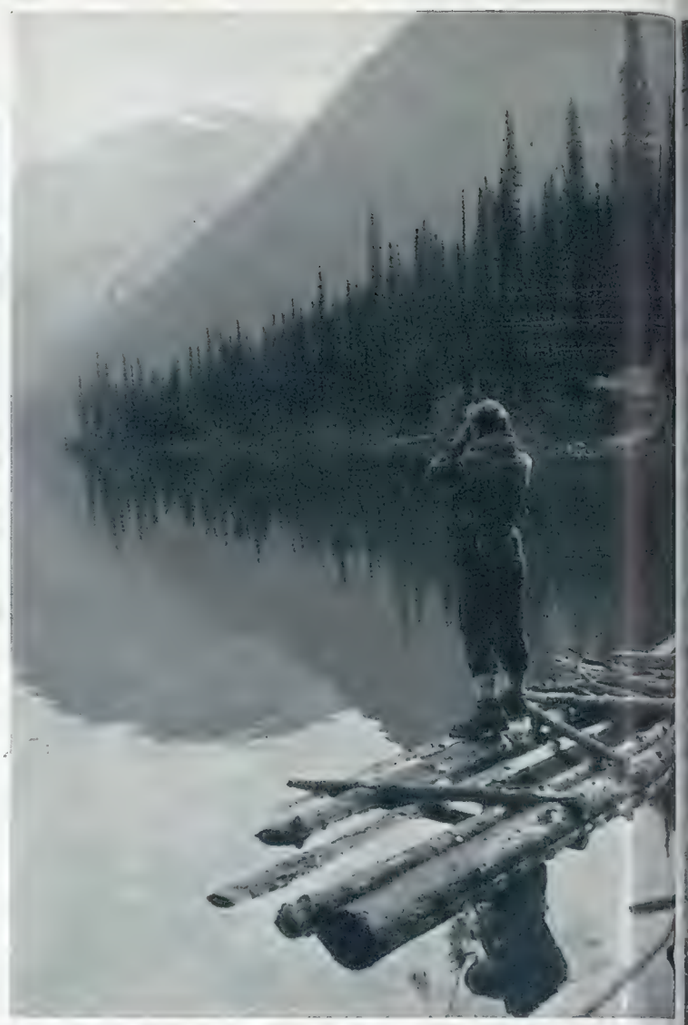
ON THE SHORES OF HAWORTH LAKE THE EXPEDITION ESTABLISHED ITS BASE CAMP: A magnificent view of the lake taken from the edge of the Lloyd George Icefield. The position of the camp is indicated by a cross. Away in the distance on the left is the Cloudmaker, a peak towering up to 8,100 ft.

EXPLORING THE LLOYD GEORGE RANGE

(Continued from Previous Page)

HOW MEMBERS OF THE 1947 EXPEDITION TO THE LLOYD GEORGE RANGE EXPLORED THE SHORES OF LAKE HAWORTH AND JOURNEYED TO THE BASES OF SURROUNDING PEAKS: Mrs. Frank Smythe and four other members of the party engaged in constructing their raft, "Nona." This they built out of dead but not rotten trees from which the sap had died. "Nona" was absolutely essential, as it was found too difficult to work through the dense forest on the lake's perimeter

One of the most alarming experiences encountered by Frank Smythe during the expedition was not in the icefields of the Lloyd George Range nor on the summits of the great peaks, but on the placid waters of Haworth Lake, not far from the base camp. He records how on the morning of July 22 he set off with David Wessell, the Montana member of the party, with the intention of climbing a peak east of the lake. To get to the base of the peak they used the raft—a doubtful contraption of four dead logs and two cross-pieces. "Poling and paddling along close to the shores of the lake," says Mr. Smythe, "we had turned a small bluff when Wessell exclaimed: 'Look, a bear!' On the bank a light-brown grizzly bear was seated, far larger than any grizzly I had yet seen. For a moment it eyed us, then suddenly sprang into the lake and began to swim towards the raft. With our maximum all-out speed of a mile an hour we had no chance of escaping. I recalled what an experienced Canadian hunter had described as the best method of dealing with a charging bear: 'Yell at him and make all the commotion you can.' I was standing uneasily astride the raft, and soon his nose came straight for my feet. I let out the loudest shouts and yells and beat the water in front of him with my paddle. He was almost up to the raft, and in another moment would have upset us into the deep, icy water, when suddenly he turned, landed, and pelted off into the bush"



DAVID WESSELL ON BOARD THE HOME-MADE RAFT ON HAWORTH LAKE: Through his binoculars he is looking out for the brown bear which earlier on this particular day, had attacked the raft and nearly upset

THE STAGNANT GLACIER BETWEEN RECCE RIDGE AND MOUNT GLENDOWER—THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND SO FAR DISCOVERED SOUTH OF ALASKA: The glacier is enclosed between precipices rising in places over 5,000 ft. and down which streams from the snows above fall in thread-like waterfalls. The ice load has lain practically unmelting for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years. Rocks and earth have covered it, and now plants, shrubs and small trees grow over the ice. The phenomenon is well known in Alaska, but there are no records of stagnant glaciers farther south

MOUNT GLENDOWER, THE SECOND HIGHEST SUMMIT OF THE LLOYD GEORGE RANGE—THE 9,750-FT. PEAK RISING SPECTACULARLY ABOVE THE PRECIPITOUS VALLEYS AT THE NORTH END OF THE RANGE: This magnificent view of snow and ice, rock and cloud was taken by Frank Smythe from the summit of Mount Lloyd George (9,800 ft.). This was on July 17, 1947, when all members of the expedition reached the peak and completed the return journey

EXPLORING THE LLOYD GEORGE RANGE

(Continued from Previous Page)

A HALT FOR SECOND BREAKFAST: Members of the climbing party seen during their ascent of Mount Lloyd George. They are taking a short rest after negotiating the icefall leading up to the Lloyd George Icefield. Their next obstacle is the stiff ice barrier in the distance. This ascent was made on July 17, 1947, being a joint effort by seven British, Canadian and American mountaineers

From trappers, prospectors and Indians rumours filtered through to the trading posts of British Columbia and Alberta almost throughout the nineteenth century regarding the great mountains and icefields east of the Finlay and Kechika Rivers, but it was not until 1893, when R. G. McConnell, of the Canadian Survey, made a canoe journey up the Warneford River, that the vastness of this mountain system became known. Nearly twenty years later Paul Leland Haworth, an American, reached the lake he named after himself, and he named the highest peak in the vicinity—a peak he was too exhausted to explore—after Britain's great First World War leader. With the development of air transport and the construction of the Alaskan Highway, civil and military aircraft have made many flights over the region of the Lloyd George Range, but the distinction of first setting foot on these mountains rests with the 1947 expedition. The pictures on this page deal with the most spectacular phase of the expedition, the ascent of Mount Lloyd George; but the map-making activities of David Wessell, the photography and the plant collection of Frank Smythe, and the geological survey, were also outstanding achievements

ON A ROOF-TOP OF THE ROCKIES—UPLANDS NEVER BEFORE TRODDEN BY MAN: After crossing the icefield on Mount Lloyd George, the climbers are traversing a small intermediate summit in order to reach the ridge leading to the topmost peak at 9,800 ft. Stretching away into the far distance are chain upon chain of Rocky Mountain peaks. The climbers encountered very heavy snow on the ground, and at one time they sank almost to the knees at every step

A SECTION OF THE LLOYD GEORGE ICEFIELD WHICH WAS FULLY EXPLORED AND MAPPED BY THE EXPEDITION: The field is about 50 square miles in extent, and probably 100 square miles if the glaciers flowing from it are taken into consideration. Seven peaks lie immediately to the west of the icefield, including Mount Criccieth, Mount Lloyd George, Chesterfield Mountain, Mount Glendower and Mount Crosby. All of them are over 7,800 ft.

THE ERIDGE HUNT PONY CLUB MEET ON A KENTISH VILLAGE GREEN : A New Year's Day meet of a celebrated Home Counties pack at Frant. During the recent mild weather hunting has been enjoying a measure of its pre-war popularity, and on Boxing Day and New Year's Day there were the usual market-square meets up and down the country, and, owing to the disappearance of basic petrol, not too many cars to interfere with sport. Foxhunting folk may have been horrified to hear of a fox-shoot which also took place during the Christmas holidays

TWO WAYS OF KILLING THE FOX

Hunting Him and Gunning for Him

TEACHING THE YOUNG ENTRY THE RUDIMENTS OF THE CHASE : *Left*—**Some of the young riders who attended the New Year's Day meet of the Eridge at Frant.** *Right*—**Huntsman Tom Pember, the Master, Mr. Brook Joynson, and the Hon. Whip, Mr. Withers, moving off to draw at the meet of the Cowdray Foxhounds Pony Club. Following behind are some of the numerous youngsters who attended the meet and enjoyed some valuable instruction in the manners and customs of the hunting field**

BACK FOR LUNCH WITH THE MORNING'S BAG : Just a few of the foxes killed by fifty farmers and beaters who held a fox-shoot in Doles Wood, Little London, near Andover. The shoot was organised by the Hampshire War Agricultural Committee in an attempt to keep down the increasing number of foxes in that part of the country. During and after both World Wars fox-shooting has had to be resorted to. *On right*—**The guns and beaters seen moving off from Little London**

"UNFENCED ROAD—BEWARE OF SHEEP": An R.A.C. sign on the Braemar road, one of the first to be completely blocked by the first heavy snows of this winter. The turn of the year brought a cold north-westerly airstream from the north of Iceland and a rapid drop in temperature. Snow, hail and blizzard followed. The Perth-Braemar road was completely blocked by snow and the Perth-Dunkeld road very nearly so. The bad weather swept the length and breadth of the country until, as 1947 drew to a close, it had reached the southern counties

SHEEP BESIDE A STREAM NEAR THE SNOW-BLOCKED PERTH-BRAEMAR ROAD: They were the first victims of the heavy snowstorms which saw the old year out

KINGSWAY GETS THE NEW FLUORESCENT TUBULAR LIGHTING: A further step in the new road lighting, whose efficiency has been proved in Bond Street and the Brompton Road. Fluorescent tubular lighting provides about three times as much light for the same quantity of electricity as a normal Tungsten lamp using the same quantity of electricity. It eliminates glare, and the light can be made of any colour required by varying the mixture of the fluorescent powder. But it is expensive to install, and it would take a period of about ten years for the cost to equal that of a Tungsten lamp, which is cheap to install but more expensive to run

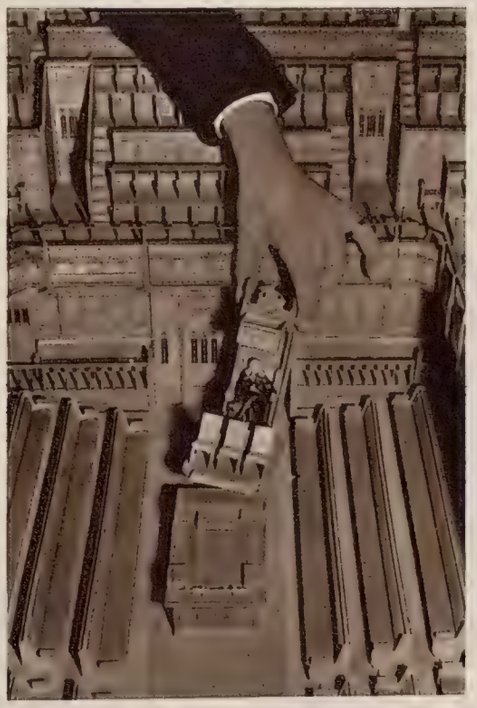
HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—**A VISITOR FROM THE UNITED STATES: The U.S. cruiser "Spokane" at Southampton.** The crew spent Christmas in this country. Another unit of the American Fleet to be entertained here during the holiday was the U.S. destroyer *Vesole*, stationed at Portsmouth until the end of last month. Commander J. Corry and his officers and men of the *Vesole* were welcomed by the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth at a luncheon party, where they met Admiral Lord Fraser of North Cape (Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth); Vice-Admiral L. V. Morgan; and Brigadier H. T. Newman

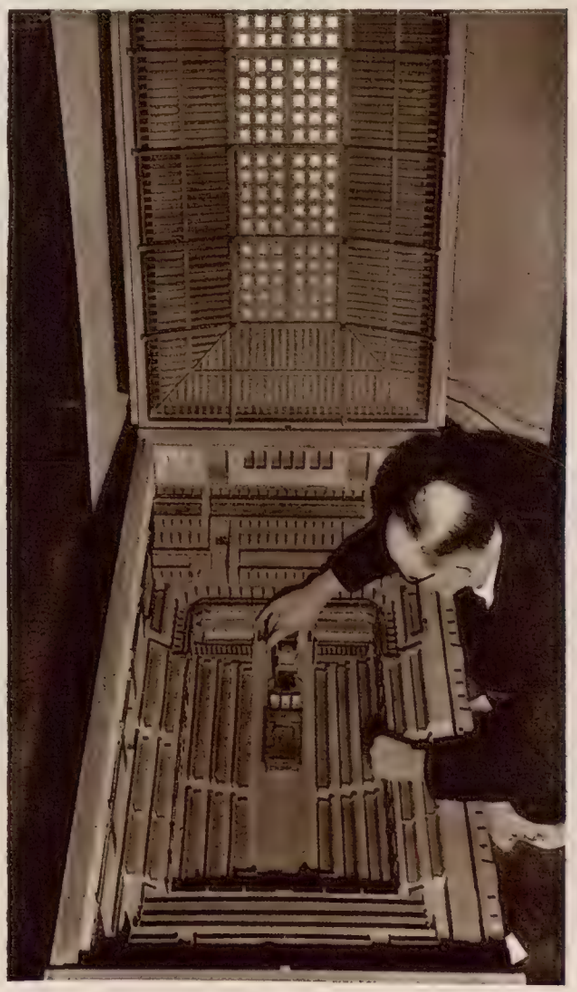
Above—**BAO DAI, FORMER EMPEROR OF ANNAM, ARRIVES IN ENGLAND TO CONSULT A LONDON EYE SPECIALIST: Travelling as Prince Vinh Thuvy, he is seen at Poole Airport after flying from Indo-China.** Thirty-four-year-old Bao Dai abdicated in 1945. It has been reported that Dr. Ho Chi-minh, President of the Viet Nam Government in Indo-China, had invited him to return if he could realise the independence of Viet Nam in the French Union. Bao Dai replied that Ho Chi-minh must have forgotten that his regime outlawed him and condemned him to death

SEAFORD'S SEA WALL WITHSTANDS HEAVY SEAS, DURING A STORM WHICH RAGED FOR FOUR DAYS: Workmen clearing the promenade, which was thick with pebbles from the beach, after the storm had abated. Two years ago, Seaford's two-mile-long sea wall was breached by heavy seas. At the end of last month a 50-m.p.h. wind whipped the sea to such proportions that it was obvious that another crisis was at hand. The heavy seas ran for four days and at their peak produced a 10-ft. high tide. Residents on the seafront sandbagged their doors and windows over Christmas, and were constantly disturbed by the rattle of stones and pebbles from the beach thrown on to the promenade and spattering their houses. A £675,000 scheme to safeguard the town from the sea has kept local labour busy for many months. The high tides have been survived, and Seaford should be safe until March

THE DAUGHTER OF CEYLON'S MINISTER FOR INDUSTRY IS THE FIRST EASTERN WOMAN TO QUALIFY FOR ASSOCIATESHIP OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS: Minette da Silva at work in her Savile Row flat. In the background can be seen one of the many paintings by Cingalese artists, which she collects in her top-floor flat



THE INTERIOR OF THE MODEL FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: *Above*—The Speaker's chair is placed in position. Note the Mace lying on the table in the foreground. *On right*—An overhead view of the model, with the interior of the roof in the background. The new House of Commons, designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, is expected to be completed in 1950. Construction of the steel framework is well under way, and work has now been begun on concreting the floor of the chamber. The celebrated Clipsham stone from Rutlandshire is to be used for the building. At the present moment there is a serious shortage of skilled stonemasons, and it is feared that the work may necessarily fall behind schedule



CHISWICK HOUSE HAS BEEN OFFERED TO THE NATION: This historic villa was acquired by Brentford and Chiswick Council from the Duke of Devonshire, but it has been shamefully neglected, and last summer questions were asked in Parliament. It was urged by the Marquess of Salisbury that it would be better to entrust the place to the Ministry of Works. Middlesex County Council has now made that offer

OUR ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE

Stately Homes and Ancient Monuments are in the News

The fate of Chiswick House is attracting much attention, and lovers of London are anxious that this villa, one of the finest examples built in the style of Palladio in this country, shall not be allowed to fall further into ruin. The house was once the seat of the Dukes of Devonshire, and for a short while the home of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra when Prince and Princess of Wales. It stands in a delightful park within a few miles of the centre of London. Before the war it was contemplated using Chiswick House as a local museum or as a social centre for the neighbourhood, where there are comparatively few amenities. The 68 acres of grounds are at present open to the public. It was stated recently that the Middlesex County Council offer would not be accepted until a report on the house had been studied

THE OLD SOAR CHAPEL AND MANOR HOUSE NEAR WROTHAM, KENT, HAVE BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE NATION: A remarkably unspoilt example of a knightly dwelling of the reign of Edward I (*circa* 1290) and its adjoining place of worship are now in the possession of the National Trust. The Ministry of Works has agreed to take over management of the place under a Deed of Guardianship

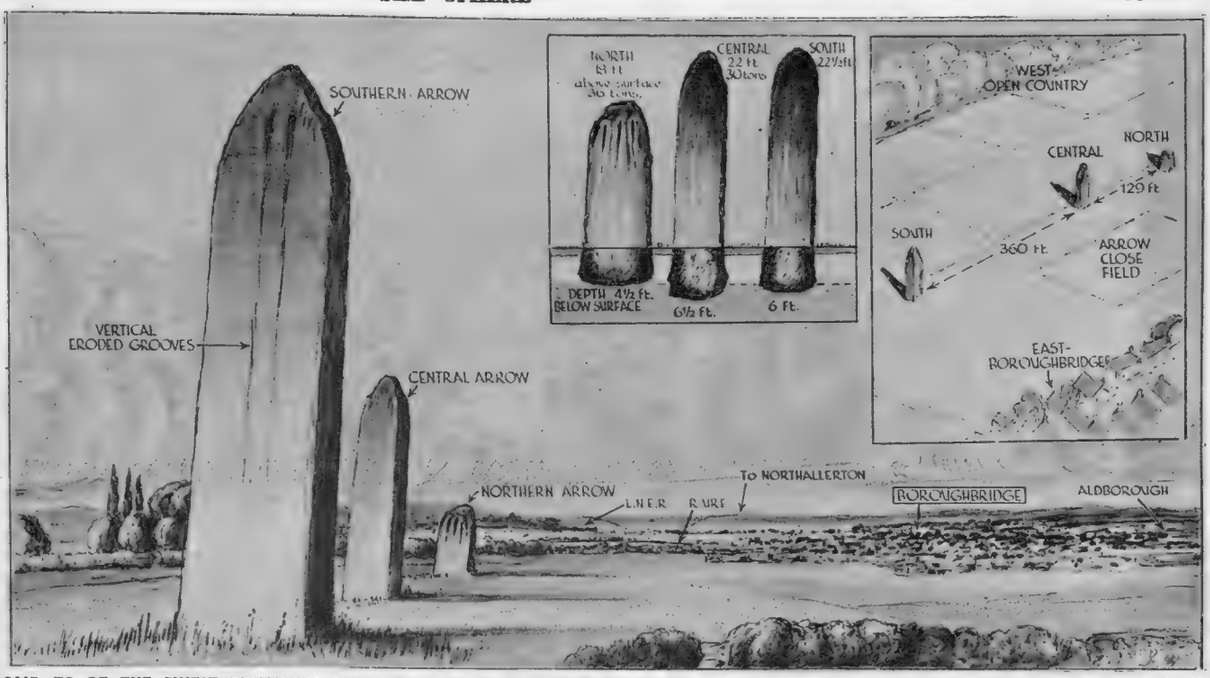
A PISCINA IN THE OLD SOAR CHAPEL: This Holy Water Stoup has a cinque-foiled head and crocketed canopy, and is of fifty years later date than the main fabric of the chapel, which belongs to the closing years of the 13th century

On the death of the late Sir William Geary in 1945 the old Soar Chapel, near Wrotham, Kent, passed into the hands of Mrs. S. L. Cannon, and last year she gave the building, but not the adjoining farmhouse, to the National Trust, who have now handed it to the Ministry of Works under a Deed of Guardianship. The Chapel is a place of outstanding interest because it formed part of what was a typical knightly dwelling in the days of Edward I. The present farmhouse, a red-brick eighteenth-century building, stands on the site of the original great hall.

The ancient part of the property comprises a solar 28 ft. by 18 ft., built in Kentish ragstone, and two smaller buildings. The Chapel and the second building project at the north and west angles. All three buildings are set above

On right—The three giant standing stones near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, are held in such high esteem in the archæological world that it is not surprising that the scheme to include them in a new housing estate has met with strong opposition. The Yorkshire Archæological Society evidently feels that these monumental survivals would be out of place in a built-up area. On the other hand, Nidderdale Rural Council, in whose area the Devil's Arrows stand, is of the opinion that the monoliths are likely to be better preserved if the housing plan is approved, while the Boroughbridge Parish Council considers the objections of the Yorkshire Archæological Society without foundation.

The arrows extend in an irregular line for some 550 ft. and the site proposed to be left undisturbed around them is approximately four acres. The Yorkshire Archæological Society maintains that this would not compensate for interference with the site and that until further investigations and excavations can be carried out the land should be left undisturbed, and, as prehistoric burial remains were found while digging out the foundations of houses, any investigations would have to cover a wider area than four acres



SAID TO BE THE FINEST REMAINING MEGALITHIC MONOLITHS IN NORTHERN EUROPE—THE DEVIL'S ARROWS AT BOROUGHBRIDGE, YORKSHIRE, WHICH ARE THREATENED WITH ENGULFMENT BY THE LOCAL COUNCIL'S PROPOSAL TO EXTEND A HOUSING ESTATE IN THEIR DIRECTION: The Yorkshire Archæological Society is opposing the housing plan, pointing out that the vast labour of our ancestors in setting up these stones should entitle them to a full measure of protection. The three arrows are of millstone grit, and the nearest quarry from which they can have been brought is near Harrogate, some eight miles away—*Drawing by Percy Home*

LONG USED AS A FARM BUILDING, AND NOW IN NEED OF REPAIR: A side view of the Old Soar Chapel and of a second projecting building beyond it. The property originally belonged to the Colpepers of Preston, near Faversham, and later passed to the Geary family

THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD SOAR CHAPEL, FOR MANY YEARS USED AS A FARM BUILDING: Some of the ancient beams, it will be seen, have to be centrally supported at the present moment, but the general condition of the building is fair

the ground-level, the solar resting on a barrel-vaulted undercraft. The solar preserves a steep-pitched roof and two original moulded key-posts on its tie beams. The end windows retain two centred arches and seats in the jambs. In the Chapel there survives a particularly fine example of a piscina with cinque-foiled head and crocketed canopy.

The north-east window of the Chapel has been blocked in and now forms a doorway, but on one side a fine corbel remains with foliated ornament. This may have supported a candlestick or image.

In spite of certain mutilations, notably to doors and windows—and these were inevitable in view of the uses to which the buildings were put—the whole property is in fair preservation, but it will not be opened to the public until all renovations are complete.

ANOTHER OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES COMES UNDER THE HAMMER—BUYERS GATHERING FOR THE OPEN-AIR AUCTION AT THE FRONT DOOR OF LORD MILDMAY'S MANSION AT FLETE: The building has been leased to Plymouth City Council for use as a maternity home, and expectant mothers will move in not long after the buyers have removed their purchases. Lord Mildmay will not be homeless as a result. "Who's Who" records that he has residences in London (46 Berkeley Square), Shoreham Place, Sevenoaks, and also Mothecombe House, Plymouth

THE W.V.S. HAVE NEVER STOOD DOWN

Fifty Different Ways in which They are Serving the Community

By CHARLES GRAVES

LIKE the Windmill Theatre, which is able to say "We never closed," the W.V.S. can say with equal truth "We have never stood down." Indeed, the Home Secretary issued a special appeal to them last year to continue their good work. To-day there are 750,000 women still acting as maids-of-all-work to the various Government departments and undertaking further duties of a practical philanthropic character in the community.

Two years ago the return of the evacuees provided a serious problem—the finding of accommodation for old people who could no longer remain in their evacuee billets, and for elderly in-laws who had lived with their married daughters but had to leave when their husbands returned from the wars. So the W.V.S. began to buy and convert houses into residential clubs for these old men and women. To finance them, the Lord Mayor's Air-Raid Distress Fund provided £100,000. There are already eighteen of these, admittance to which is restricted to people with a maximum income of £250 a year. Many of them are old-age pensioners who contribute 28s. a week. The largest sum paid weekly is 2½ guineas. Darby and Joan Clubs have also been started up and down the country, where old folk can meet for a cup of tea and find somebody to fill in their forms. There are 200 of these clubs in London alone.

Altogether there are fifty different ways in which the W.V.S. are serving the community. Beginning alphabetically, we have Accident Prevention. This involves schemes for the care of children going to and from school; for organised games under supervision in public parks (instead of the streets); and talks to groups of parents on the prevention of accidents in the home. Next come Advice Services at information centres. Among the B's are the Billeting of miners and transport workers, and other special cases, at the request of the local authorities or the police; organising the Blood Transfusion scheme locally, and undertaking clerical work in connection with it; Boarding-out of children and paying visits to foster-homes of children boarded out at the request of the local authorities. Godmother schemes involve the linking-up of children in institutions with self-appointed godmothers who invite them to their homes, send them presents on their birthday and at Christmas, write to them once or twice a fortnight, and take them out to tea.

Any amount of work was involved by the aftermath of Princess Elizabeth's wedding to the Duke of Edinburgh. The Princess asked the W.V.S. to allocate the twenty surplus wedding dresses sent to her from overseas. It was decided that these should be given to girls married, if possible, on the same day as the Princess, and of exactly the same age. It took a great deal of hurried telephoning, correspondence, and checking-up to whittle down the hundreds of applicants (one of them was an old lady of seventy-one who was getting married on the same day as the Princess) to the twenty lucky recipients. At the moment the W.V.S. are packing the literally hundreds of tons of food which were sent to the Princess from all parts of the world, and making them up into parcels for distribution to needy people throughout the country.

During the snow and floods last year the W.V.S. rallied to the aid of the unfortunate victims with such enthusiasm that there was no need to ask for volunteers. At this minute there are over 800 W.V.S. serving overseas and doing welfare work for the troops; others are bringing back the wives and children of British residents in India who are now having to pull up stakes and come to live in England. Many of them have no idea whatsoever of living conditions over here, and selected members of the W.V.S. are explaining everything to them, from rationing to the housing shortage, so that they will not be too much at sea when they get here.

Other members of the W.V.S. have been escorting British children for their Christmas and New Year holidays to Holland. Still others have been looking after the German brides of British Servicemen from B.A.O.R.—not so much to help the girls as to do a kind act for the men. Other activities that are in full spate at the moment are helping to make gardens for owners of prefabricated houses; providing sitters-in to enable parents to go out; and the running of hundreds of clothing exchanges up and down the country. These are primarily to enable parents of growing children to exchange anything from socks and underclothes to overcoats, as their children grow bigger. This scheme was started, like so many of the other existing activities of the W.V.S., during the war to help victims of the flying bombs.

To-day, as conditions approach those of wartime more and more, it is no wonder that the W.V.S. are finding themselves up to their necks in good works. This last summer they organised the collection of a bumper crop of rose-hips to be used this winter in the form of syrup. (Rose-hips contain more Vitamin C even than orange-juice.) The W.V.S. have even gone commercial in recent weeks. The "Women's Home Industries" are hard at work throughout the country making tapestry, knitting, smocking and quilting for the export market. Good craftswomen who have volunteered for this scheme are provided with beautiful materials—for export only—from which they make very high-grade textiles for sale overseas. As the W.V.S. cannot, of course, undersell ordinary commercial firms, the volunteers have to be paid for their labours. Another job is the handling of individual food parcels from overseas. The W.V.S. now have a list of 170,000 worthy cases, most of them supplied by Public Assistance authorities and various charitable organisations. It is no easy business to prevent overlapping or the giving of parcels to people who do not really need them as much as others. Other routine jobs include the distribution of pies in rural areas; welfare work among the relatives of Polish troops in this country; making preliminary surveys and visiting applicants for housing accommodation; feeding and dressing patients in mental homes, who are also taken for walks; assisting local food offices with the issue of ration books; and helping to run campaigns for all forms of salvage. At the present minute, with the acute shortage of newsprint, the W.V.S. are helping local authorities all over the country in the new paper salvage drive.

Perhaps the most useful job of all is helping old people. The public conscience was startled the other day by the revelation in Croydon of the existence of hundreds of old people unable to leave their one-room homes and subsist properly on the food which they could draw through their ration books. The W.V.S. had heard about it for a long time, and it is by no means in Croydon alone that poor people are to be found slowly starving to death. The W.V.S. help them with their library books; write their letters for them; do their shopping and even arrange to have a stamped and addressed postcard left on their mantelpiece which can be posted by a neighbour in an emergency.

Most effective of all is the Meals on Wheels scheme—another product of the Blitz. Every day all over the country W.V.S. vehicles are calling at the homes of poor people who, for some reason or another, are unable to go out and eat hot meals in British Restaurants and other inexpensive eating-places. I have just gone out with a W.V.S. van quartered in Camden Hill, which serves various parts of Kensington. On this occasion the van, presented by the United States for relief work during World War II, and now both dilapidated and very expensive to run from the point of view of petrol, was calling on something over a dozen poor old people in South Kensington. It contained a number of dixies full of roast beef, roast potatoes, gravy and swedes, and cauldrons of milk pudding. At each address on the rota we stopped and a member of the W.V.S. hurried out with the hot food.

South Kensington is reputably a good residential area. It was pathetic, however, to find rather terrible little side-streets with poverty-stricken invalids depending so much on one hot square meal per week.

The first recipient was an elderly woman with heart trouble who lives in one room on the fourth floor of a Victorian building in Gordon Place. Owing to her heart, it is difficult for her to walk up and down the flights of stairs, and she was therefore very grateful for the hot meal brought to her on the spot. Our next stop was within a few yards of Earl's Court Underground Station, where an old Irish woman lives in the basement of a house and is too poor to afford even the statutory 10d. for the hot meal. By special arrangement she is allowed to pay 5d. for it. A bed-ridden old woman off Collingham Gardens, a one-legged veteran in the Fulham Road, and a couple of septuagenarian sisters in a basement off Finborough Road were other grateful recipients. One of them burst into tears when she received her food and said to the W.V.S. woman, "God bless you! May you never feel hungry."

Fifty different ways of being modern Good Samaritans—that's a lot of ways . . .

ONE OF THE FIFTY WAYS IN WHICH THE W.V.S. WORK FOR THE COMMUNITY: A mobile clothing exchange parked in a village in the Watford area. The exchanges enable parents of growing children to cope with the shortages imposed by the coupon system

WITH THE W.V.S. IN BIRKENHEAD: A mobile clothing exchange with the back door open and ready to start operations

A NEW "ANNA KARENINA"

Sir Alexander Korda Makes a Film of Tolstoy's Masterpiece

VRONSKY'S FIRST MEETING WITH ANNA KARENINA: The handsome young captain, Count Vronsky (Kieron Moore, centre), goes to meet his mother at Moscow Station and is introduced to Anna (Vivien Leigh), who has travelled with her

ANNA KARENINA AT THE MILITARY STEEPLECHASE: With her brother, Stepan (Hugh Dempster), and Princess Betsy (Martita Hunt), Anna sees Vronsky fall and betrays her anxiety for and love of him

COUNT KARENIN CONSIDERS THE DIVORCE: Sir Ralph Richardson plays Anna's husband

ANNA STARTS ON HER LAST JOURNEY: Believing Vronsky to be leaving her, she decides to follow him to St. Petersburg

A STATION ON THE MOSCOW-ST. PETERSBURG RAILWAY, 1875: Anna Karenina's story begins and ends with a railway accident—the last being Anna's tragic suicide

Sir Alexander Korda's latest period film is yet another version of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. Directed by Julien Duvivier, it has a strong cast headed by Vivien Leigh as Anna and Sir Ralph Richardson as her husband, Count Karenin. The young film-star Kieron Moore plays the romantic Count Vronsky who wins Anna's heart and is the cause of the whole tragic story. Bobby Howes, daughter, Sally Ann Howes, plays Kitty Scherbatsky, replaced in Vronsky's affections by Anna and Marie Lohr plays Princess Scherbatsky.

THE LAST ACT: Remembering an accident she saw with Vronsky, Anna throws herself under the train

New Lamps and Old

ROMSEY ENJOYS A NEW FAME

And a Lucky Letter in the Alphabet

By JOHN GORE

ROMSEY ON THE MAP.—Romsey, in Hampshire, is a pleasant town in the Test Valley, and from my earliest years was always agreeably associated with happiness in my memory as a gateway into the New Forest, a corner of England which has been first favourite with me ever since I read Marryat's *Children of the New Forest*, and has ever since become more and more dear as a result of visits and day expeditions to one or other of its innumerable and varied charms. The Forest is a unique survival from pre-Norman times in its terrain and its customs, and there is now some hope that a new charter will preserve it from further spoliation. By an amusing series of coincidences Romsey, its gateway, has suddenly sprung into fame and been put very vividly on the map. Two years ago "every schoolboy" would have been hard put to it to write "two lines" on Romsey—"a town of no great size in Hampshire, with some connection with somebody's ale." In short, Romsey is among small towns to-day what Captain Jenkins or Don Pacifico are among small men, thrust permanently into niches in English history by pure chance. The parallel is the more apt if we remember Palmerston's superb and famous *Civis Romanus sum* uttered on behalf of Don Pacifico. Palmerston, the owner of Broadlands, was one of Romsey's three most famous sons. In 1900 Romsey had a population of 4,000 souls. To-day I fancy there are about 7,000. Romsey grew round its famous Norman abbey, SS. Mary and Elfleda, a fine example of twelfth-century Norman architecture which has escaped both spoliation and "improvement." The town at its beginnings revolved round the Benedictine foundation. It became a borough in 1608. In medieval times it enjoyed a good share of Hampshire's wool trade, which continued until the days of machinery. It had no representation in Parliament. In short, it was, and is, a small and pleasant southern market town, with a minor "cathedral city" atmosphere, with its great house, Broadlands, washed by its lovely river, lending it added distinction, and with a pleasant, busy square of shops and council offices from which its main and by-streets radiate, leading to the Forest, over the river bridge, to Winchester, to Salisbury and to Southampton.

ROMSEY'S CELEBRATED ABBEY: It was begun in the reign of Henry I, under the impetus of Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester. During the Royal honeymoon thousands thronged the churchyard when T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip attended Divine service at the Abbey

Its Famous "Sons."—Romsey had its first puff in the days of King Alfred. It was his son, Edward the Elder, who in 907 founded a community there to teach and preach. A century later, the Danes destroyed the wattle church and drove the community away to Winchester. Another century passed before the present great abbey was begun in the reign of Henry I, under the impetus of Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester. It took more than another century to finish it. Thereafter the usual fate of abbeys followed, dissolution of morals and dissolution of the convent, and the abbey became the parish church of the small community. There was no better reason why Romsey should remain on the map than Petersfield or Wimborne. But "Pam" in his palmy days gave it another puff. He was born at Broadlands, and in his later years lived there when he was not too busy, especially after his marriage to Lady Cowper; a good landlord, devoted to sport and country life.

But Palmerston is not Romsey's only famous son. He shares the distinction with two others, separated in time by three generations, Sir William Petty and Lord Mountbatten. William Petty was the son of a clothier and was born at Romsey in 1623. He was a versatile genius, scientist, medico, political economist, philosopher, inventor, colonist. In his time he gained reputations in all these lines. He revived a corpse, invented a double-bottomed boat, laid the foundations of an army medical service, tried to survey and resettle Ireland, drove a vessel by some form of engine, invented a "land carriage," wrote scores of scientific papers, bulked large in his day as a political economist with surprising modern theories on tariffs, taxes and labour questions. He was an honoured Founder-member of the Royal Society, a friend of Pepys, of King James II, of Aubrey, and of many of the most famous men of that reign, and he was ancestor of the Marquesses of Lansdowne, who endeavoured to keep his memory alive in Romsey by means of an abbey monument.

A TOWN OF MANY FAMOUS SONS: Romsey's Corn Exchange and main road junction. Away on the right is the Norman Abbey

ONE OF THE "SLUM" CAMPS OF THE NEW FOREST: They grew up in the years between the wars, but now the inhabitants are to be docketed as "working class," and no doubt some may eventually find themselves directed into industry

Romsey's Lucky Letter.—But a year ago more people in Romsey could "write three lines" about the third of the town's famous sons than two lines about Palmerston or two words about Petty.

Natural enough. To-day the balance has been adjusted. Romsey is an admirably-run borough, with a fine record of mayors and other efficient civic officials jealous and careful of its traditions, and in Romsey's well-equipped and dignified chamber there hang at last portraits of each of these famous sons of Romsey—Petty, Palmerston and Mountbatten, the last named's association with Romsey having come about by his marriage with the heiress of Broadlands through an oblique descent; from the second son of Lady Palmerston's first marriage, to Lord Cowper.

It may be argued by those who indulge the letter superstition that P is Romsey's lucky letter. P for Petty, P for Palmerston, P for Princess Elizabeth, P for Prince Philip. P (if it comes to that) for both Lord Mountbatten's daughters. Four times at least the letter P has put Romsey on the map—in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries and twice in the 1940's through its connection with a semi-Royal and a Royal marriage. Certainly P is Romsey's "Jenkins' ear." May Romsey soon snatch its lion's share of special favour under the headings of Peace, Plenty, Prosperity, Progress, Production, and so forth!

The Petty Portrait.—I am mildly interested in the history and origin of Romsey's new portrait of Petty.

It is of the Kneller school and bears a remarkably close resemblance to the famous Kneller of Samuel Pepys at Magdalene, Cambridge. It may be a contemporary copy of a companion portrait by Kneller, if not an original. Petty was often painted, notably by Lely, Closterman and Logan. He was "indifferent handsome," with a very large head, goose-grey eyes, short-sighted and under thick straight eyebrows—a sweet-tempered man, but not a beauty under the great wig of his period.

The history of the picture is well known to me for the last 100 years. In the early 1830's Lord Lansdowne's eldest son was collecting material for a life of his ancestor, Petty, and he bought or took from Bowood this portrait of his subject for illustration purposes. He died prematurely in 1836 and the portrait passed to his young widow, who married again and took the picture into her new family. Petty's Life was many years later written by Lord Kerry's nephew, Edmond, afterwards Lord, Fitzmaurice.

Of the history of this picture before 1830 and of its origins, I have no certain information. Perhaps Romsey's present fame may induce some expert to visit the council chamber and pronounce on the rather sombre but not uninteresting portrait. If he does so, I hope he will send me his conclusions.

YOUTH IN THE NEW FOREST: Stanley Doe (left), an ex-soldier who claims Romany descent, and Frank James, who works for the Foresters, seen in a cabin in one of the Forest "slum" settlements

Between the two wars the ancient privilege of allowing the Romany to pitch wherever they liked, providing they stayed no longer than two days, during their journeys through the New Forest, was curtailed. Travellers who wanted to rest along the route could do so, but they were shepherded into selected "compounds" on waste ground. In these "compounds" the "slums" of the New Forest gradually grew. Now the authorities have decided to take the problem in hand, and they propose to sweep away the "slum" settlements and set up an official camp to house the "slum" dwellers. For this purpose they propose to docket the Forest folk as "working class," and give them huts or houses. Few of these dwellers in the forest are gipsies, although some claim Romany descent. The majority are hawkers or workers on the farms or forest, and they live in shacks, huts, tents, broken-down caravans, and structures too fantastic and too nondescript to be dignified with a name of any sort.

Such rich lather, such a fragrant perfume

9d.

Embassy Soap

A. & F. PEARS LTD., LONDON

PY 24/995

On the fringe of each busy day, comes a happy moment for a mother and her baby. It's time for another lovely bath, another happy ritual of splashing, soaping, sponging and gentle drying with soft, warmed towels. Then, nicest of all, come the showers of Johnson's Baby Powder. And where could you find a powder as soft and kind as Johnson's?

Johnson's baby powder

the kindest powder in the world

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., SLOUGH AND GARGRAVE

From Kindly Island Crofters to Sophisticated Society Ladies

Infinite care and traditional skill produce the indispensable fabric for the outdoor occasion. The hardy Island Crofters of the Outer Hebrides, plying their hand looms as their ancestors did, weave virgin Scottish Wool into the beautiful colour tones of their native mountains.

Look for the mark on the cloth

HAND WOVEN Harris Tweed

HARRIS TWEED FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH MADE FROM 100% PURE SCOTTISH WOOL

Look for the label on the garment

HARRIS TWEED

HARRIS TWEED

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.

H8.

OVERTURE to Skin Care...

Opening movement to complexion beauty!
Its use needs no virtuoso touch;
rich, emollient, deeply penetrating,
the regular use of Coty Conditioning Cream
prepares the way to that lasting
smoothness essential to a healthy skin. 7/6

Conditioning Cream

Coty

Other beauty essentials:— Cleansing Cream for dry and normal skin, Skin Freshner and Special Astringent.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SETTLING DOWN TO SARTRE

After the Initial Shock the Mannerisms of His Writing Become Enjoyable

ALL the discussions, the pros and cons and the endless talk that have surrounded and often further obscured the philosophy of Existentialism, can in a sense be disregarded when one is reading a novel by the chief exponent of that philosophy. Or, if not disregarded, at least relegated to the background while the less complicated business of reading and enjoying the story itself goes on.

M. Jean-Paul Sartre's new novel, THE REPRIEVE (Hamish Hamilton. 10s.), is the second volume of a trilogy of which *The Age of Reason* was the first. That dealt with France in the '30's, at the time when the Spanish Civil War was in progress; the present book treats of that time in 1938 when all Europe was threatened with war, and of the half-hysterical relief that followed the Munich conference.

The political events and the momentous decisions are not presented as a background but, on the contrary, interjected into the main fabric of the story, which concerns, more or less, the same group of young people as the previous book. M. Sartre's method of passing without any warning from one scene to another, sometimes even in mid-sentence, is apt to give the reader a wary, slippery feeling, at least for the first few chapters; rather like a novice eating spaghetti with chopsticks. But after some practice the trick can be learned, and the reader settles down to the enjoyment of what is, philosophy and mannerism notwithstanding, an extraordinarily interesting novel.

The translation from the French, by Mr. Eric Sutton, is, as I have said before, faultless.

AN ENGLISH SUMMER (Wingate. 10s. 6d.) is by no means as idyllic a tale as its title suggests, or perhaps Mr. Alec Brown's views on the English climate are deep, dark and a little dank. It is the story of a Russian scientist who comes to England in 1946 to work in a research station at Cambridge. There he meets an English girl and falls in love with her, though less of the tale is taken up with their romance than with the Russian student's gradual adjustment to life over here—a process of change gradual enough to allow for frequent outbursts of bewilderment.

The author gives one the impression of being vitally interested in his subject, and eager to communicate his interest, but somewhere along the line between writer and reader this purpose is lost, and we are left with an earnest but unremarkable plea for Anglo-Russian solidarity.

RAKE'S HARVEST (Aldor. 9s. 6d.) is a very different affair that makes no plea for anything at all, unless it is for a more enlightened attitude towards advertising men—that is, men in the advertising profession. Mr. Richard Busvine writes away at what seems like a great pace, and brings us blondes, pretty clothes, dancers and divorces, and, from time to time, a word of excellent sense. For the most part, however, this is a tale of the exploits of an intelligent man who nevertheless throws away each of his chances of happiness, mainly because he drinks too much.

The story ends with his tragic and violent early death and might, I suppose, be called a moral lesson in the Victorian manner, for that reason. But for the most part it is a half-adventurous, half-sordid story of life in the square mile or so about Piccadilly Circus.

The biography of the week is indisputably THE RED PRUSSIAN (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.), Mr. Leopold Schwarzschild's biography of Karl Marx. The author believes that the age in which we live might well be called the Marxian era, and that in one way or another the most important facts of our time lead back to one man—Karl Marx.

"It will hardly be disputed that it is he who is manifested in the very existence of Soviet Russia, and particularly in the Soviet methods. . . . Indirectly, Marx is also responsible for all the other totalitarian States, since all of them, rivals of Soviet Russia though they may be, are at the same time imitations or variations of the Soviet model. And after all, it is because of Marx that the rest of the world has for years been obliged to sacrifice one after another of its liberal traditions to the necessity for self-preservation. There can be no doubt that our whole life would be very different if Marx had never lived . . ."

Mr. Schwarzschild's biography is copiously annotated and is the outcome of many years of study by a distinguished and liberal-minded historian. In one aspect, his whole book may be read as a vindication of present-day British Socialism.

Dr. Kathleen Freeman has had the happy idea of compiling a kind of Greek "Week-end Book"; that is, a collection of Greek stories, songs and sayings, in translation, which illustrate such phases of life as the arts and crafts, food and drink, love and hate, the bringing up of children, games and travelling. It is a delightful and unusual anthology, and will give many readers the sharp desire—even if it goes to no more practical lengths—to read the passages in the original. Dr. Freeman is warmly to be congratulated on THE GREEK WAY (Macdonald. 15s.), and on the industry and affectionate and humorous care with which she has made her selections.

"New Developments" is a fresh series of small books to be published by the Bodley Head at 2s. 6d. each. The first four titles are THE ARTIST'S DILEMMA, by Mr. James Boswell, who deals with the fields of both pure and applied art in a modern world. Mr. Thomas Russell, reorganiser of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, writes on MUSIC, and Mr. Fernau Hall traces the vivid and lusty growth of BALLET in the last ten years. In THE BOOK FRONT, Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall examines the publishing and reading situation since the war. The books are brief without being superficial, and I look forward to seeing further titles.

At the end of his extremely readable book, THE LIFE AND ART OF W. HEATH ROBINSON (Herbert Joseph. 25s.), Mr. Langston Day has collected a number of tributes to the artist from famous men as diverse in their own achievements as Ian Hay and Dr. Joad. In these the mechanical drawings are twice compared with da Vinci's, except that some of Heath Robinson's inventions "did at least *look* as if they might have worked," and he is properly hailed as the first satirist of machinery.

But the tribute I prefer is from Lord Nuffield, who writes of him as "one of my pets," for that, I think, is the relationship in which Heath Robinson has stood for years to the public.

I SAW ESAU (Williams and Norgate. 5s.) is a little collection made through the diligence of Iona and Peter Opie, of childish and traditional rhymes and jingles, including the melancholy rhythm of

"Latin is a dead tongue,
Dead as dead can be.
First it killed the Romans—
Now it's killing me."

I think that both parents and children will find some familiar things here, though there may be one or two shocks to come to the grown-ups.

HALCYON (A. and C. Black. 16s.) is a pleasant, slow-moving and nostalgic volume of fishermen's memories, by one who is as familiar with the Scottish rivers and lochs as the quiet streams of Hampshire. George Brennand writes of the many tussles he has had with magnificent salmon, and the quieter contests with sea and river trout.

Mr. James Ross, the able and energetic City Librarian of Bristol Public Libraries, has sent me a copy of their annual report, showing the additions to the libraries, the distribution of books and, among other things, the various subjects on which the library assistants have been engaged in research; a noteworthy record.

TREASURES OF MEDIEVAL STAINED GLASS FROM SWITZERLAND: *Left*—**Esther before Ahasuerus, a detail from one of the north-east windows of the choir of Berne Cathedral (circa 1450).** *Centre*—**Madonna and Child enthroned (A.D. 1150), from the Chapel of St. James at Grapplang, near Flums.** *Right*—**Melchior and his attendants, a detail from the north wall windows in the choir of Berne Cathedral. These are three of the ten colour-plates in a magnificent portfolio entitled "Medieval Stained Glass of Switzerland," and issued at 30s. by the Falcon Press. The Virgin of Flums is possibly the most remarkable of these windows and a rare survival from the middle years of the twelfth century**

NORTHWARD HO!

The March of the Pioneers in Canada's Arctic Territories

"GO West, young man," declared Horace Greeley from his New York editorial offices. "There is your hinterland," cried Rhodes as he gazed northwards to Central Africa from the Cape. Both men were realists with a touch of vision; both men were right in giving an impetus to the pioneering trends of the nineteenth century, a spur to the ambitions of youth. Even in this second post-world war period of the twentieth century, this age of easy disillusionment, such pioneering chances as Rhodes and Greeley saw still exist. In Canada's far north, indeed beyond the boundary of the Arctic Circle, oil, silver, gold and radium exist in vast quantities, and, lately aided by the stimulus of war, the people of the Dominion are there carving for themselves a new Empire. Air, sea and road transport, the last-named *via* the Alaska Highway, penetrate the little-known territories of the North-West. Sub-arctic towns and settlements are springing up, like prosperous Yellowknife on the shores of Great Slave Lake, Aklavik and Norman Wells. The story of this great modern adventure, a trend as yet in its infancy, is told by Richard Finnie in CANADA MOVES NORTH (Hurst and Blackett. 21s.). He takes the million or so square miles of the North-West, and shows just how speedily there is being developed there a sub-Polar industrial world, of mines and mills and transportation, which has in less than two decades put dictionary, map-gazetteer and school geography completely out-of-date. It is a first-rate story, not because the style is particularly graphic or, indeed, for any winged words it may contain, but because the unadorned facts have in themselves all the ingredients of true adventure.

The visitor to Burlington House, where the Indian Art Exhibition is taking place, is struck from the outset by the exuberance and vitality of the painting and sculpture of the sub-continent. The beauty of form, the great range and the extraordinary individuality of this art can at once be appreciated, but the beholder, in the midst of his admiration, may be no less struck with the fact that he knows little or nothing of the historical events that coincided with this spate of artistic production, and probably nothing of the spiritual forces that prompted it. It is a humbling thought, indeed, and when we look upon the sandstone sculptures of the Indus Valley Culture dating from 2400-2000 B.C., or upon the great works of the dynasty of the Imperial Guptas, India's medieval age which preceded ours by 700 years or more, that sense of humility is in no wise diminished. Partly to our rescue comes a timely and well-devised book on the subject, entitled INDIAN ART (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). The book has four contributors—H. G. Rawlinson, K. de B. Codrington, J. V. S. Wilkinson and John Irwin—who deal respectively with the historical background, sculpture, painting and the minor arts. The book is essentially introductory, but many will find that it will add a hundredfold to their enjoyment of all that they see at the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition.

Two outstanding volumes for the mountaineer, outstanding by reason of their magnificent photography, are ON ROCK AND ICE, by André Roch (A. and C. Black. 21s.), and THE ALPS, by R. L. G. Irving (Batsford. 15s.). Mr. Irving's book is rather in the nature of a guide, though without the uninspired guidebook technique. M. Roch, in common with Frank Smythe, who writes the introduction, is a mountaineer of international reputation and an artist with the camera. Some of his pictures of acrobatic climbing are positively hair-raising.

TOLLER REPORTS (White Swan Press. 10s. 6d.), by Jeremy Taylor, is a collection of humorous Second World War essays. They have the authentic touch, and Mr. Taylor is particularly adept at conjuring up the more joyous absurdities of military life as seen from the doubtful vantage point of the junior officer for ever ground between the upper and nether millstones of rank.

BRITISH CLOCKS AND CLOCKMAKERS (Collins. 5s.), by Kenneth Ullyett, is a new addition to the "Britain in Pictures" Series. The author is a noted collector of clocks and watches, and he writes with the skill of the technical historian and the enthusiasm of the collector.

9

OUT OF

11

SHIPS

The docks at Tilbury were crowded with an unusually large concentration of shipping, totalling over 216,000 tons, when this photograph was taken recently. It is an interesting and significant fact that no fewer than nine out of the eleven ships are equipped with Mappin and Webb plate and cutlery.

THE SHIPS ARE: *1. Strathmore; 2. Stratheden; 3. Chitral; 4. Sumatra; 5. Clan Murdoch; 6. Clan Maclachlan; 7. Mathura; 8. Otranto; 9. Orion; 10. Julia; 11. Clan Chattan.*

MAPPIN AND WEBB

LONDON SHOWROOMS: LIMITED

QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4 156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1 172 REGENT ST., W.1
SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST., MANUFACTORY, QUEEN'S RD
ENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY PARIS BIARRITZ

"THE NATIONAL GALLERY REPRESENTS A BLENDING OF INDIVIDUAL TYPES OF ART"

"AND 'BLACK & WHITE' REPRESENTS THE ART OF BLENDING INDIVIDUAL SCOTCH WHISKIES"

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI

Scotch Whisky Distillers. James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

"BLACK & WHITE" SCOTCH WHISKY

Horrockses REGD.

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES
TOWELS · FLANNELETTES
WINCETTES · DRESS GOODS
SHIRTINGS · FURNISHINGS
UTILITY FABRICS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD. PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

Haig

No finer Whisky
Goes into
Any Bottle

VIA IMPERIAL

SEND A CABLE - IT'S THOUGHTFUL

Friends overseas appreciate your kind thoughts if you remember to cable on anniversaries and the special occasions. It isn't expensive, and it's so very easy to cable. If you're on the telephone, just phone your nearest Cable and Wireless office, or ask for "Foreign Telegrams" and dictate your message. Otherwise hand it in at any Cable and Wireless office or any Post Office.

CABLE BY *TELEPHONE*

You can send a twelve word social message to any place in the Empire for 5/- or less

CABLE AND WIRELESS LTD., ELECTRA HOUSE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, W.C.2
TELEPHONE: TEMple BAR 8494

C.S-97

A good mixer in any company!

Beautiful and distinctive . . . in gleaming chromium with red, green or black relief. Price complete 74/9. Supplies very limited. Leaflet on request to:—
SPARKLETS LTD. LONDON N.18

THE NEW *Streamline* SPARKLET

WHEREVER YOU BUY A HAT
it had better be a
Battersby
Hatters Since 1865

CVS 14

The ONE and ONLY
BÉNÉDICTINE
The Favourite Liqueur

It ***warms*** *you and* ***intrigues*** *you with its* ***rich*** *original flavour*

PRUHT
APERITIF
27/-
PER BOTTLE
RAWLINGS & SONS (LONDON) LTD

SENATOR
American Blend
COFFEE
Tetley 1837
FRESH AS THE HOUR IT WAS PACKED
JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON & NEW YORK

THE COMMON COLD
—a plan for its prevention

Every year, many thousands of people successfully avoid colds with the help of Serocalcin. Its use, both in the prevention and treatment of the common cold, has given consistently satisfactory results. Serocalcin is not infallible, but its record is such that it merits a trial by everyone subject to colds.

Prevention of Colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing Cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up the attack in 3 or 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes; 60 tablets for the immunising course and 20 for treatment.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN
Regd.

FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS

WHAT'S OFF?

"Aha — the menu. I could eat a horse today."
"*There's only corned beef salad left, Sir.*"
"Looks as if I'm going to get my wish, eh? Never mind, there were times when we were glad of bully in the Army, weren't we?"
"*I wasn't in the Army, Sir.*"
"The R.A.F., eh?"
"*Not me, Sir. I was on essential work — bus conducting. Will you be drinking something, Sir?*"
"Well, if you had any Rose's Lime Juice, I'd have a Rose's — and something."
"*'Fraid we couldn't do that, Sir — even if we had any Rose's.*"
"Why ever not?"
"*I don't suppose we'd have the 'something' then, Sir.*"

ROSE'S — *There is no substitute*

EVER TRIED A *Brandy & Soda?*

SPIRITS are short. Try a Prunier Cognac B. & S. with soda or water. It is a clean, refreshing, stimulating drink that will please your palate and help digestion. But be sure to ask for Prunier B. & S. Cognac, the only brandy specially prepared for drinking with soda (or water).

Prunier Brand's *Cognac* **Brandy**

makes a good LONG *drink*

JAS. PRUNIER & CO. COGNAC

SECURITY *can be assured against every climatic change, very simply, by wearing*

The BURBERRY

The World's Best Weatherproof

PROOF WITHOUT HEAT—
WARM WITHOUT WEIGHT

A security most healthful and comforting. A gilt-edge security and unsurpassed for long service.

You may be lucky—if not, place an order, a Burberry is worth waiting for.

Telephone: WHitehall 3343

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

BURBERRYS LTD.

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI.

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 30/-; Half-bottle 15/9. U.K. only

BY APPOINTMENT
Gin Distillers to H.M. King George VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

MAXIMUM PRICES: 30/- PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 15/9 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

8BG/1

EST. 1863

The First Cigar for the best days

Don Garcia

FINE

83.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Meet your friends in the RICHMONDE LOUNGE of the
NORFOLK HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
One of Britain's finest hotels,
and listen-in to the Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH.
SUSSEX
"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. Central Heating throughout. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Tel.: 394.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales
An excellent hotel for a well-earned Holiday. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding nearby. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at
The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter
in the quiet of the Cathedral Close

BURLINGTON, FOLKESTONE
Situated on The Leas facing the sea. Ideal for a restful holiday with good food and courteous service. Fully Licensed. Lift, and all modern comforts. Special winter terms. Telephone: 4663.

"BRITAIN'S WONDER HOTEL" FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAY
THE GRAND HOTEL, HARROGATE
Always in season and first-class throughout. Tariff, with pleasure. Tel: 4631.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST HYDRO
SMEDLEY'S at MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE
Health is everything! Nature and medical skill combine to make amends for the ailments caused by a troubled age. For further details write the Secretary.

THE GRAND HOTEL, MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA NORFOLK
Modernised, redecorated and refurnished throughout. Lovely sands, glorious air, plus the finest food and wine procurable. What a grand spot for a family holiday. Tel.: 190.

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Near BATTLE
The sunny Sussex Coast is enticing, especially with this Country House, 10 mins. from Bexhill, as one's base. Comfortable beds, plentiful fare. Own riding stables. Hard tennis court. Dancing. Golf. Licensed. From 6 gns. Telephone: Ninfield 330.

BELMONT HOTEL, SIDMOUTH, DEVON
A.A. ****
A first-class luxury hotel noted for its excellent food and occupying the finest position extending to the sea front. Through Coaches daily from Waterloo. Private Suites. Gas fires. Private bathrooms. Lift. Fully licensed. From 10 gns. Tel.: Sidmouth 32.

FUIDGE MANOR, IN MID-DEVON, NR. SPREYTON
Warmth, Comfort, and the Best of Food and Cooking in a bracing climate. Club Bar. Billiards, Squash, Tennis, Riding and Rough Shooting. Ideal for service leaves and furloughs. Whiddon Down 205.

Heléna puffs

The world's leading Puff Manufacturers make the world's finest Puffs. Sixty designs—the size you want—in washable, non-fading pastel shades. Heléna!

HELÉNA PRODUCTS, NEW SOUTHGATE, N.11

H

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX INHALANT

Breathe the pleasant, fragrant vapour from your handkerchief

Of Chemists 2/6

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V232

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

GOR-RAY
Registered
skirts
one better!
Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

To walk through Canterbury is to see, written in stone, the proud story of England's greatness. Priest and prelate, baron and burgess, prince and peasant, all have lived their hour and left memorial behind them in church and palace and cottage of this treasured city. Through its streets have passed the centuries-long procession of pilgrims to the shrine of the martyred Becket. To-day, though the busy life of a machine age laps its walls, it is still, in its brooding greatness, the shrine of beauty and of peace.

ONE OF A SERIES OF DECORATIVE PLANS SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS. LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1948. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.